

\*\*\*\*\*

## [1]

Creepy stuff you found/happened to you in the woods.

>be 1am  
>walking down wooded levee area  
>sharing a beer with my best bro  
> flashlight reflects off something  
>we slide down part of the levee to check it out  
> a recliner sitting under a tree facing a perfectly fine old tv on a stand

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [2]

I found a horse. It was dead, and it smelled awful. I couldn't get close, so I started to throw rocks at it. Something made "splosh!" and a sea of fleas emerged, with a scent that made me choke and almost vomit. I had to immediately leave the area. I wasn't able to stay there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [3]

>be 8 or 9  
>at a small forest (more like a big park in the middle of a city, about 3 or 4 square km of forest)  
>playing with my friends (it was a school event)  
>went exploring  
>found a small creek and a ruined cabin  
>dared my friends to go to peek inside the cabin, got afraid and went all of us (3 guys, all the same age)  
> cabin full of stuff and ruined furniture

>one of my friends said that there was a corpse but I'm sure that it was only a bunch of clothes

>anyways, we left and one of the guys talked with his teenage brother about the cabin

>go to the cabin again, this time with the older guy....

>found the creek, found everything we saw (there was a electric tower and some other reference points nearby) but no cabin (no ruins, no debris or stuff, just nature)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [4]

>6/7 years old

>In the back yard with my best friend at night

>There was a creek and on the other side was a huge hill and very thick forest area

>Looking down the creek, we can only see a bright light

>It would slowly dim and just as slowly light up again

>Still really don't have any idea what it was, and never saw it again after

Not very scary but I wanted to contribute.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [5]

>Be 13

>At my friend's ranch house in the mountains

>Both feel brave enough to go explore the 20 acres of avocado trees at night with no flashlight

>Have to pee, seek out the porta-potty on the property

>Walk up to the door, see something white out the corner of my eye

>Look toward the source

>In the distance, in front of a tree is a glowing white figure,

shaped like an angel with wings

>NOPE NOPE NOPE

>Realize that I don't have to pee that bad anymore and sprint all the way back to the path where my friend was waiting

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [6]

>hiking out in the woods one day about 2 months ago

>come across random grouping of large boulders

>never seen these before

>looking around, notice there's some small trench dug under one of the boulders

>notice some fur, oh wow, it's a den

>fur doesn't move, decide to poke it with a stick (crikey)

>doesn't move after poking, decides to pull fur out, very bad move.

turns out, the fur was one of 3 dead foxes under that rock. each one had a broken neck, with the head twisted 180 degrees back like an owl, and their spines and ribs broken. but they had hardly any signs of decomposition and no other wounds than those.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [7]

>Be 13

>Sister is 10

>Go to forest by grandma's house

>Hottest day in summer

>Forest is typically used for parties and dirt biking

>Today, absolutely no sound in forest today

>Eerie feeling throughout forest

>Get to center, decide to turn home

>Upon going home, encounter a fork in path

>Where paths reconnect, see a pale white, naked boy with

long black hair sitting in the fetal position on a rock  
>Concerned, I slowly walk around the path and towards him  
>The closer I get, the more his body distorts itself  
>By the time I'm next to him, he is gone, only the rock remains.  
>"What the..."  
>Sisters asks "What is it, Anon?"  
>"Nothing, let's go home."  
>Heading home again  
>Five minutes later, I hear a loud scream from behind me  
>I turn around, and my sister is on the ground crying  
>I run to her, "What's wrong?"  
>Sister says "I turned around and I saw a pale white boy sitting in the fetal position behind me, he looked up at me and disappeared."

And then we noped right out of there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [8]

>Be 10  
>Be visiting family friend who had moved to rural Kentucky  
>Be exploring the woods with family friend's douchebag kid  
>Wander aimlessly through woods for hours  
>Find old school bus reclaimed by forest vegetation  
>That's weird, we're like a good five miles into the forest with no sort of paths or road for it to get here  
>Walk a bit further  
>Almost dusk, find a dilapidated tin shack with no door  
>Wat.jpeg  
>Find broken window, peek in and see entirety of one room shack  
>See an old recliner, broken tv, coffee mugs, pile of yellowed newspapers that appeared to be previously used as a makeshift bed  
>Douchebag kid says we should climb through the window and

investigate further

>"Ok, why not?"

>Suddenly loud bangs against the inside of the shack walls

>Nope.jpeg

>Run like hell

>Get back to house shortly before sunset convinced we'd die if we didn't make it out before the sun went down.

Screw Kentucky.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [9]

> Live in Illinois

> Be dragged to Bachelor's by crew of bored friends

> Decided to puss out and not go in with two other bros

> Walk back to car parked on side street about a half mile down the road surrounded by forest

> See dancing blue lights a little more than half way through walk

> Question each other on what it could be

>Friend says to shut up and asks if we hear talking

> Don't hear talking

>All of a sudden hear loud baby-like screech from behind us

> Turn white and Nope.jpg all the back to the car

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [10]

>Living in east Tennessee

>Appalachia has some scariness

>exploring woods near neighborhood at night with Australian neighbor

>hear voices

>first an individual, then a crowd responds

>STFU and follow voices

>huge clearing in the woods  
>bunch of dudes in white robes  
>Australian neighbor doesn't know wtf is going on  
>I figure it's the Klan  
>we sit/watch/listen a few minutes, normal Klan nonsense  
>suddenly they bring out some dude with a bag on his head  
>say a bunch of crap about racetractors  
>make him kneel  
>waitjustasecond.jpg  
>main speaker guy suddenly pulls out pistol  
>bullet in the back of bag guy's head  
>NOPE  
>all we can do to not scream  
>nope out of there and go home  
>tell parents  
>parents tell police  
>nothing was ever done about it

I'm glad we moved away.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [11]

>be 12/13  
>at my cousin's house up in Mississippi for Christmas  
>cousin lives in rural area in a town with maybe 40 people, lots and lots of wooded area  
>me and younger cousin derp and play round in the woods all day  
>we come in for the day  
>whole family including mine eats and is sitting in the family room watching TV  
>aunt tells me me and my cousin left some stuff outside and that I have to go get it  
>Eh fine  
>It's not completely dark, but almost  
>Walk out front door, and see mine and his bb pistols on a stump

>stump's about 30 yds from the front door and 20 yds from the edge of some very dense woods  
>I start walking over there and grab the pistols and begin to turn back  
>Hear loud rustling from woods  
>not automatically scared, could be a deer or something  
>turn to what it is  
>Right inside the woods is this thing a lot darker than it's surrounding area  
>looked way too tall and thick to be human, also a very dark green  
>scared as hell and frozen  
>both the thing and I stare at each other for a good 5 seconds  
>I finally make one of my legs move  
>I'm not taking my eye off this thing  
>take a step back and crack a dry twig on accident  
>thing moves backwards and seemingly is enveloped by the brush  
>OHGODRUN.jpg  
>Run all the way back to the house  
>not say anything to anyone about it  
>can't sleep a wink the last 2 days I'm at my cousin's house

The next time I go to Mississippi for Christmas I insist I sleep with my brother and cousin instead of my own room.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [12]

> Be 14-15 (2004-2005)  
> Live in rural, northwest Florida on "family homestead"  
> Moved there after could afford living in town  
> feelsbadman.jpg  
> "Homestead" is about 280 acres  
> Several houses (some family, some not)  
> Mostly cotton fields and miles of forest  
> Be waiting for bus; it's always late

- > Be October, maybe November
- > Fairly cold, especially for Florida (30-35°F)
- > Be about 6:00AM to 6:30AM
- > Know naval airfield is nearby
- > Looking at the sky being derp having derp morning smoke
- > Small community; everyone knows everyone
- > Get cellphone call from a cousin who drives the only other bus
- > Says my bus driver won't be picking me up
- > Asks if I want her to
- > Say I don't, that I can afford to miss
- > Finish cigarette, getting ready to go back inside to bed
- > Sky suddenly turns from light-blue to dull, burnt orange
- > Look off toward the naval aviation field (Whiting Field)
- > See bright (very bright) orange-yellow light shooting up
- > It's going towards the sky as high as can be seen
- > Cellphone beeps then turns off, see power in house flicker then go off
- > isthistherapture.jpg
- > whynotchristian.avi
- > Beam of light shoots-up, vanishes
- > Sky slowly turns back to blue
- > Wat
- > Be last year. Watching "UFO Files" on YouTube
- > Episode about "Area 52" in Utah
- > Start talking about atmospheric MASERs
- > Guy has video of one
- > Know what MASERs are
- > Know they don't work like sci-fi and conspiracy says
- > Show video
- > Looks identical to what was witnessed in 2004-2005
- > NOPE.jpg

I actually have a lot of these, some of them directly involving the woods, some involving the area in general.

Tell moar?

**[THEN HE DID]**

- > Be 16 (2006)
- > Out for Christmas break
- > Everyone is house leaves for work at around 4:30AM-5:00AM
- > Usually wake-up because used to getting up at 5:20AM for school
- > Wake-up after everyone has left
- > Make breakfast
- > Have coffee and smoke
- > Planned to go on a walk to woods on other side of field in front of house
- > Load-up compass, cigarettes, lighter, and notebook
- > No need for gun; don't plan on going into woods
- > Walk across field
- > Hear something along the ridge of the forest
- > Crouch into small field culvert and crawl through brush
- > Peek through
- > See nice, but fairly old ('70s) brick house
- > Back door is open
- > See no one - yet.
- > "Everyone in house[...]"\*

- > Light of dawn is beginning to make things visible
- > Man walks out of back of house dragging large, industrial garbage bag
- > Hefts it onto his shoulder and carries it toward a shed
- > Guy comes out of shed
- > Pulls pistol (don't know what kind) out of waistband
- > Removes the slide and magazine
- > Lifts tin roof of small "hut" near the shed
- > Tosses it in; guy watches it
- > Assume it was his old well
- > Hears "tink"
- > Guy goes back inside
- > NOPE.jpg and scurry back to house
- > Lock all doors
- > Don't leave bedroom until 6PM when everyone gets home

When I got home, I didn't call the cops. I guess I should have prefaced in saying that the community I lived in was unincorporated at ~22 miles from the nearest police station -

even county. The closest form of "law enforcement" was the barely-manned forestry department which my great uncle worked at. An uncle I did not speak to (drug addict, raised gaming roosters, generally a dredge).

It would take at least 25 minutes for police to get out there, and I was the only one home on the "homestead"; even the other folks that lived nearby (neighbors, in effect) weren't home, as most people worked in the town some 25-30 minutes away, so left for work very early.

Whenever my Mother and Aunt got home, I told them; they called a local county sheriff deputy that was a friend of the family. Apparently he went and spoke to the guy. My Mother and Aunt told me he was a former "FBI agent" (could be any law enforcement or just a recluse people made up rumors about; no telling, that's just what they said) and lived in a fenced-in property that even the drive way had an iron gate with a keypad to get in.

Never heard back from the deputy, and I never went back to that spot again. That I know of, no one was murdered or, in the least, no charges were filed.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [13]

>be about 12  
>group of friends and I would ride BMX bikes along the creek  
>go to place called black bridge, lots of bike trails and ramps  
>see old car in the woods, far away from woods  
>blankets covering windows  
>don't think about it  
>keep returning everyday to hit sweet ramps  
>one day cops everywhere  
>inside car dead body, who knows how long  
>cops question us about body, we didn't know it was there all

summer

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [14]

- > Be March of 2005
- > Be 15
- > Be a few months after Hurricane Ivan
- > Friend is staying over
- > Decided to go derp around in the woods (which we always did) but assume it'll be interesting due to the hurricane damage
- > Immediately behind house is ~40-50 acres of woods, then an ATV trail, then some 300-350 acres of old-growth land owned by International Paper
- > Explore through the 40 acres; find nothing note: some spent cartridges, trash, buck scrapings, scat, etc.
- > Come onto ATV trail
- > Walk along it for around an hour
- > Eventually come to a demolish clearing; assume it was International Paper's doing
- > Demolished or not, there is a lot of tall undergrowth
- > Decide to explore it, as we never had
- > Make it through underbrush and find a dirt, graded road
- > Walk along it
- > Keep in mind, I have a 12 gauge, but my friend just as a Buck 110 knife
- > Really just take gun in case of snakes and such
- > Be walking for a good few hours (at least 3), but also exploring little spots near the road, so we weren't just straight walking
- > Come across another ATV trail intersecting the road
- > Nothing west; see something a few hundred yards along the east-side of the trail
- > Walk to it
- > It's a fairly small (9' tall; 8' long; 4' wide), concrete "shack" with a fairly new (it wasn't rusted) metal door and several antennae sticking out the top
- > Walk around the shack; it has coax. cable and wires coming up

from a hole in the ground (a pipe) into the wall and up to the roof

- > No windows
- > Friend tries door; it's open.
- > Calls for me to come look
- > Inside is a metal folding chair, a "shelf" serving as a desk; a few Playboys; and two TV monitors attached to a VHS tape player/recorder
- > Turn on one of the TV's; nothing, just static
- > Turn on the other...
- > Apparently someone hooked-up a game camera and was recording what looked like a sewer access
- > TV shows roughly square foundation on the ground, painted with black and yellow caution lines; in the center is what looks like a bit of metal grating with a solid metal hatch
- > Friend and I just watch this for a little while
- > Hatch moves
- > Man wearing bright orange and green, utility coveralls climbs out of hatch, turns around, closes it, and bolts it
- > Man walks off screen
- > Friend and I look at one another...
- > Then bolt.

- > Be a few months after the incident mentioned.
- > Friend and I have done nothing but talk about what we saw to each other.
- > Both of us have built-up the courage to try and locate the spot we found on the video.
- > Talk to family and friends about anywhere there might be "underground access" in the area.
- > Both of our families tell us that the only spot where something like that might be was at the old logging station where the railroad used to transport logs to the mill (now a museum) closer to town.
- > Get a map from my Grandfather, as he was familiar with the area (hunting and such), to where his memory tells him the old logging station and railroad tracks were.
- > Says the tracks likely aren't there anymore, or likely are heavily overgrown, but that the path where they went should still be visible.

- > Friend comes over for the weekend; we spend all Friday and Friday night discussing our plan for Saturday.
- > We promise not to tell anyone, but I secretly tell my Mother in case we don't come back, and take my cellphone just in case.
- > She doesn't agree with what I'm doing, but assumes it just a telecom conduit that someone was repairing, as BellSouth is everywhere down there.
- > Worst that happens is we're told to leave.
- > I never tell he there was a shack recording the spot.
- > Leave the house at around 8:00AM on Saturday.
- > Walk through the 40 acres and make it to the ATV trail.
- > Follow the ATV trail west (opposite from the direction of the concrete building) for about three miles.
- > Cut along the property line of a neighbor and International Paper's land (on the neighbor's side).
- > Make it to where the high electrical towers are, and follow it for around 2-4 miles.
- > We stopped for lunch (a sandwich each) at around this time; it must be between 12:00PM and 2:00PM, if memory serves me.
- > Walk over a hill on the route of the electrical towers, then at the bottom is the intersection of a path (the old railroad tracks) and the swathe of forest cut down for the electrical towers
- > No railroad tracks there to be seen, but it's definitely the spot indicated on the map.
- > The old tracks are mostly over-grown gravel with a few rotted cross-ties every few hundred feet or so.
- > To either side of the tracks every half mile or so are various poles; look to be electrical poles that were left, likely during the construction of the towers.
- > Most are really old; probably twenty or thirty years.
- > After about three miles on the tracks, the metal railroad shows up. Actual parts of the railroad that were left.
- > About a half mile more, and we find an old brick and wood building - or what was left of it.
- > All but one or two rooms had caved-in; wood, nails, debris, etc. was everywhere.
- > The brick walls and foundation were evidently crumbled, but there was no mistaking it. It was the logging station; we even found a few industrial band-saw blades.

- > Unfortunately, there was no underground access - not even a basement - to be found on this trip.
- > We figured it'd take us, as tired as we were getting, until around 6:00-8:00PM to get back to the house, and neither of us wanted to be out there at night.
- > We did not back one more time though...
- > Be later that year.
- > Original friend, myself, and another friend are at my house for the weekend and plan "camping trip" into the woods behind the house.
- > This is a cover story for our hike back to the station to see if we can find the access, but needed an excuse for the three of us to borrow their respective family's tents.
- > We make plans to stay just outside of the logging station Saturday night, then look for the access and come back on Sunday.
- > None of us really expect to find anything. More than anything it was meant to be a trip to smoke cigarettes, smuggle some beer, and generally be teenage derps.
- > Saturday morning, myself and my two friends get up at around 5:00AM (grudgingly), get the 12 gauge, a box of shells, and start on our way.
- > We follow the same route as before and make it to the logging station at around 12:00PM to 1:00PM after having a breakfast of crackers and sodas on the ATV trail at around 10:00AM.
- > Original friend and I are use to these hikes.
- > New friend is not.
- > New friend has over-protective parents who only agreed to "camping" after speaking to both my Mother and the original friend's Father.
- > Whatever.
- > None of us are in a hurry, so we take it slow, generally just goofing-off and enjoying ourselves.
- > We end up detouring and showing new friend the shack; we

couldn't get in because a lock had been put on the door.

> Original friend and I were both a bit alarmed by this, as it shows it was active, but we keep it to ourselves as to not spook new friend.

> As I said: new friend is not use to things like this.

> Back on point.

> We made it to the station at between 12:00PM and 1:00PM.

> After doing a bit more exploring, we set-up our tents. Original friend has a pump tent, new friend as a Coleman tent, and I have a lean-two one-man tent and a sleeping bag.

> Original friend and new friend go along the tracks looking for logs and tender while I clear a spot in the old tracks for a fire to keep it away from the woods.

> We get a fire set up by around 5:00PM after derping around and start to roast some hot dogs from the small cooler new friend's Mother made him bring.

> We picked-on him about it the whole way, but were glad he had, as by then all wanted food a bit more substantial than peanut butter crackers and Mountain Dew.

> As it's getting dark, I bring-out half-a-fifth of Jack Daniels and about fifteen small bottles of various alcohols (I collected the little bottles.).

> Original friend pulls out four packs of Marlboro Reds, a 3/4th fulls bottle of Smirnoff, and four luke-warm beers.

> New friend pulls out three COLD beers he had took from his brother (but was too afraid to take more), and we picked-on him, but at least they were cold.

> We proceed to smoke, drink, and try and teach new friend how to smoke, because he's so sheltered he doesn't even get how it's done...

> By around 10:30PM-11:00PM, new friend is snoggered, original friend and I are a little on the far side of tipsy, but not hilariously retarded yet.

> At around 11:15PM, we all get the bright idea to go look for the access THEN and not wait.

> We grab our flashlights, hand-out the walkie-talkies (two) and split up.

> I go one way with one, original friend and new friend go

another.

> I head off behind the logging station (back east, north-east or so) and the other two head off into the tree rows the other direction.

> We keep talking to one another through the talkies at minimum every 10 minutes or so; it's about 30 minutes before I can't hear new friend babbling like an idiot.

> After about an hour, maybe 90 minutes, original friend whispers over the walkie-talkie that he's found something and I need to come as fast as I can.

> In around 30-35 minutes, I make it to where they are.

> Found it.

> There's a camera about 15 feet up on a tree in a small, wooden and plexiglass box with cables running down the tree into the ground.

> The foundation is about 12' by 12' with a 1.5' by 1.5' metal hatch in the center.

> We look around for a bit; realize the hatch is locked, but do find what was either a name-tag or an ID card about 50 yards away along the rows.

> Name was "<something scratched or eroded> Artenieu", says his occupation was an electrical engineer. Can't remember much else.

> The hatch starts to squeak.

> Someone is coming-up.

> We bolt it and around 40-50 yards back toward camp, all three of us hide behind some bushes to watch.

> Man in orange and green utility coveralls comes up.

> He's carrying a faded blue tool box and some digital device in his other hand.

> Behind him, another guy comes up dressed much the same but wearing a hard-hat and carrying a wood box a bit bigger than a cigar box.

> This guy dotes this box like his life depended on it.

> None of us can see what - if anything - was written on the box, as it was too dark.

> After the first man closes the hatch, he presses some button on

the digital device he held.

> Lights suddenly burst on along a row of trees opposite of where we were, heading away from our camp.

> Lights were strung-up in the trees and apparently on a wireless trigger.

> Both men walk along the lit path.

> We all settle in our spot for what seemed like an hour.

> We all wanted to make sure, whomever they were, that they weren't going to spot us.

> After that, we go back to the hatch and I flip my flashlight on while the other two shield the light.

> "Electrical Conduit - Secure - 1299A - Authorized Personnel Only" was written in black across the bottom of the hatch.

> Across the top, in faded red; "RESTRICTED - NO CIVILIAN ACCESS"

> We make it back to camp as fast as we can.

> Snuff out our fire.

> Huddle in new friends tent and, to this day, have no better explanation for what is under there than "telecom" as my Mother original suggested.

> The fact they used "civilian" still bothers me to this day.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [15]

Happened almost a year ago.

>trying to make our way back home after a day of hiking with a friend.

>It's now night and we have to walk an hour on a trail through the woods.

>Have flashlight out

>see flashlight off pointing back at us about half a mile down

>think it's another hiker, politely try not to shine my light on them.  
>light still bounces around as we walk towards it. Stayed there for about 5 minutes.  
>Then it just turns off.  
>friend and I start to get scared because it was just odd.  
>never see light turn back on and we have to walk that direction because only one trail.  
>Get really freaked out when passing the point where the light turned off because we think a they are hiding in the woods. (there was an incident of a rape and murder on that trail)  
>dog that was with me stops and sniffs something.  
>look to see a squirrel that fell out of a tree.  
>pick up bleeding and broken squirrel and take it home  
>somehow squirrel lived and months later release it.

Don't know what that light was but it was right where we found the squirrel.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [16]

>be about 2 years ago  
>camping in campground with 3 friends  
>decide to swimming at night  
>bring small maglight, the kind you twist to turn on  
>drop all our stuff on a log and stump  
>turn off flashlight, and face it towards the lake  
>we start swimming for maybe 6 minutes  
>flashlight turns on  
>wtfnope  
>all of us are scared  
>girl1 cries out whos there  
>no answer  
> say screw it, and walk towards the flashlight  
>feet like cement, don't wanna move but force myself to  
>get to flashlight, look around, nothing there

>we go back to campsite, shaken but relieved.

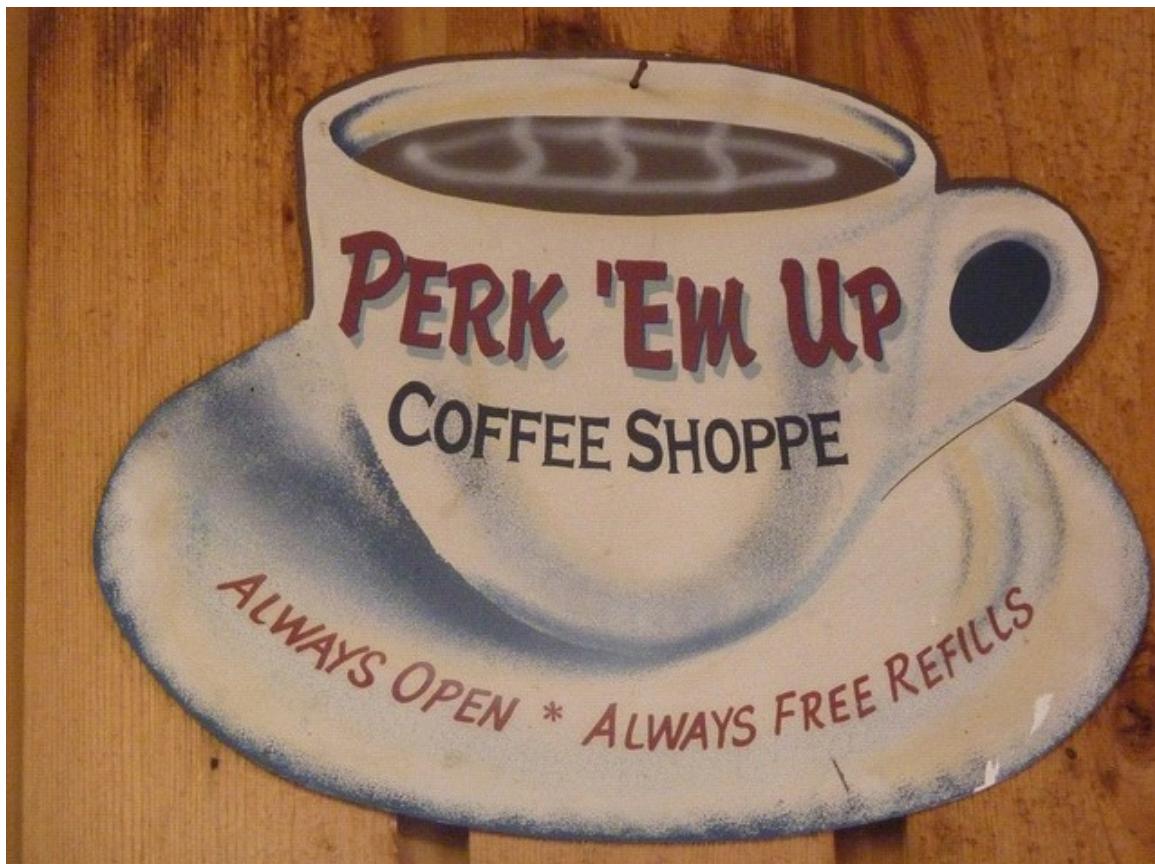
I probably didn't turn the light off all the way, and turned on by itself. Scared the crap out of us though.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [17]

Nothing extreme. Just found an old tin sign from what looked like a 50's diner that said, "Perk 'Em Up Coffee Shop" nailed to a tree, with a bunch of mugs and glasses with what looked like black fermented something in it. Not overly creepy to describe, but pretty screwed up to come across in the woods in almost entire darkness.



\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [18]

>be 17  
>jogging in forest to see if can jog thru it in under 9hrs  
>it was summer, mom said to go outside to do something  
>about 3hrs in stop near a lake to rest  
>look at lake  
>some walks out from the lake  
>semi nope thinking maybe he went diving  
>about 15 more start coming out of lake  
> don't like this scoob  
>nope run out of there breathing hard  
>get lost  
>takes 7hrs to get out of forest

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [19]

Be 18

>Walking home from friends place  
>Miles of dirty highways and backalley rapists  
>For first time in life decide to take the heavily forested path back through the ranges  
>Follow signs and track at first  
>Stop for a break halfway  
>Become lost  
>Night falls  
>Crap  
>Stumbling through increasingly thick bush in the dark  
>Find the path again after what seems like hours of searching  
>Big old gnarled black tree up ahead  
>Hear weird noise like an animal choking on food  
>Look closer  
>There is a naked guy thrusting against the tree, wailing savagely  
>Nope nope nope all the way home

As a sort of epilogue I later found out that tree had a bad

reputation which nobody would explain to me, and that it was located directly outside the property of a local sicko. So nothing supernatural. Only the most horrible experience of my life.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [20]

Happened to me yesterday, made a thread about it but it died pretty quick

>go for a walk to cleanse my troubled mind  
>walk into to field to chill there  
>very sunny  
>walk into woods next to field  
>no paths or anything just walk in  
>find pond with chair by it  
>find very smal cabin like 3 feet high and wide  
>it's locked with a bolt  
>some litte air holes  
>NOPE.avi  
>stillcuriousthough.mp3  
>open the door  
>no dinosaur  
>have to pull it off its rusty hinges  
>inside soemone had dug a little  
>random items like a electric fan, a battery, rusty knife, white spots (candel wax?), camping chairs, plastic bags  
> some other weird construction next to it  
>plastic canvas with two logs on it  
>other canvas with wooden square underneath  
>that'sallfolks.jpg  
>get goosebumps  
>gtfo  
>return to fix door  
>also see some lamps hanging in a tree  
>decide to run out of there  
>come home talk about it with mom

>agrees it's pretty freaky but nothing more

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [21]

Okay.

>Be 12

>Camping in the woods not far from my house

>With 10 other people

>Start telling scary stories

>An hour later we're all trying to sleep

>Something hit the tent

>One of my friends goes out to investigate

>Comes running back into the tent

>Says he seen a "little person"...

>We're all freaking out

>Looking out the tent window

>See a small shadow running

>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [22]

>Be about 6/8 years old

>Family takes a trip to China to pray to a dead relative

>End up in a super rural part of southern china

>We meet up with some of the relatives that live in the village there and get ready for ceremony or something to be honest I had no idea what was going on... too young to give a damn

>Anyways me and my sister were damn bored and decided to run off into a bamboo forest that was just across from the house my

relatives lived at

>We both run pretty deep into the forest I say we ran for about 10 minutes straight not knowing what we were looking for  
>Suddenly I see a little old seemingly abandoned shack up ahead  
>Me and my sister decided to check it out  
>Next to the shack was a fenced off pen that was about 5' tall I remember I had to climb up to see what was in it  
>inside the pen were two of the largest pigs I had ever seen in my life they were probably as tall as I was at the time  
>Suddenly my sister nudges me and points to the ground near the pigs feet  
> "Anon, look do you see that?"  
> In the mud were two human fingers  
> me and my sister looked at each other then looked back at it  
>before we could decided what to do next a shaggy old man pops out of the old shack and stares at us  
>me and my sister noped so fast out of there back to the village  
>I don't remember if we told our parents when we got back  
>but later that day we had a roasted pig for the ceremony

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [23]

>Be 15  
>Playing hide and seek in the woods on a late evening (game goes all night)  
>Had over 15 people playing. (you get found you're either out or you have to find people)  
>Game takes place in the woodland part of kansas ('m not from kansas)  
>Me and 2 other guys walk around for a couple hours in the woods. Its now night  
>Walk into a valley and decide to sleep under a tree at the bottom.  
>Couldn't sleep, felt weird ever since we went into that valley  
>Other two guys go to sleep and I'm bored.  
There isn't a single noise at this point, not even animals, just the

gentle wind blowing the leaves

>I decided (being the moron I was) that I had to find a better place to hide (plus I had to piss)

>Start walking and the feeling of being watched goes away

>Start noticing ash marks on the ground

>Look at them while walking, run into a blood-red yarn doll hanging from a tree

>freak out

>turn around to run back to the guys

>Look up and see a lanky white figure standing in the treeline watching the guys sleep

>NOPE.jpg

I figured it was a woman because it had black hair

>Then she turns and looks directly at me

>ohgod.jpg

>I'm literally frozen in fear

>she stares at me for what felt like a minute

>It takes a moment to sink in that she was real and this actually was happening to me

>Then she glides back into the woods, not making a single sound.

>I sprint back to the guys and wake them up

>I tell them what happened, they laugh it off but see that I'm freaked out

>We walk back to the house

Needless to say, whenever I visit my relatives I don't go in the woods anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [24]

>out in the middle of nowhere

>walking for some time through thick forest

>suddenly come across evidence of habitation

>looks like a sort of network of people, clearly at least several people have been inhabiting this area

>night is starting to set in, so I back off a distance and set up

my tent for the night

>sleep, wake up past midnight, hear distant voices singing;  
ignore it and sleep

>night passes without incident except sudden onset of nausea  
and anxiety which is weird for me

>morning comes, I notice that during the night someone lit a  
fire about 30 metres away from me

>they knew I was there, whoever they were

I just want to reinforce that this was in the middle of nowhere.  
Pic is one of the photos I took. This particular camp looked old,  
but I also found a crude wooden gate nearby with an open plastic  
container containing cooking implements. It was just weird,  
especially how I sleep very lightly, was waking up every half hour  
or so, and yet didn't hear anyone (or smell anything) making a  
fire so close to me.

I know there are "feral people" who live hidden lives out in  
forests - I've had encounters with some. Most are just homeless  
people who want to avoid the city, some are like me - explorers,  
rough travellers, and others are insane. But I'd never before seen  
a network of this size so far out before, without seeing a single  
soul. Whoever they were, they wanted to remain hidden. The fire  
was a warning to me.

**[Image too large. Search HomelessWoods.]**

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[25]**

> Last year had a school camp down south

> Our group is staying in old house/ demountable

> Finish all the activities for the day and mess around till  
10:30ish and supervisor makes us go into house shack to get  
sleep.

> Wake up from hearing something move a chair or something  
outside, everyone's asleep. See dark figure walk past the glass

door.

> Freaking out atm.

> Glass door slides open and hear footsteps walking towards the dinning table and then something sitting on the chair.

> Hiding under blankets and peaking from a tiny gap under the blanket.

> Glass door shuts it self and the fireplace goes out.

Wake up and see burnt footsteps on the floor from the door leading to the chair.

>The heck?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [26]

>Backwoods hiking

>Middle of nowhere

>Make it to camping spot for the night

>Decide to set up my hammock tent up in the tree (bears everywhere)

>Eat an MRE

>Get ready for sleep when I hear shuffling and muffled voices

>Look down outside of my tent

>A guy with a shovel and a bag

>"Gotta bury the pieces so she doesn't show up again"

>"Gotta keep her from escaping"

>Slowly grab my Sub2000 from my backpack

>Unfold it quietly

>Sit above this dude aimed at the back of his head, just in case

>3 hours like that, slowly shifting as I get stiff

>He finally finishes and leaves

>Wait around a little longer

>Finally go to sleep

>Wake up in the morning

>Take down my stuff, pack it up

>Inspect the spot he was digging at

>Polka dotted fabric sticking out of the ground

>Nope.avi out of there and notify authorities  
>Turns out, it was the body of a 4 year old girl the man had  
abducted 3 weeks prior

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [27]

>visiting distant relatives in west virginia  
>exploring up a "holler"  
>find small hole under a fallen log in a bank of dirt  
>some kind of long bone sticking out  
>pull on bone  
>something pulls back

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [28]

>be hiking near "lost city"  
>hear noises, assume animals  
>lots of coyotes, bears, mountain lions, feral dogs in area  
>find deer skeleton laid out perfectly near stream  
>no flesh is left, bones still intact, like it just laid down and died  
>hear more noises  
>think of all the scavengers that would love to chew up a deer  
carcass  
>no signs on this perfect skeleton  
>nope, woods are cursed, gtfo

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [29]

>be hiking near "lost city"  
>hear noises, assume animals

- >lots of coyotes, bears, mountain lions, feral dogs in area
- >find deer skeleton laid out perfectly near stream
- >no flesh is left, bones still intact, like it just laid down and died
- >hear more noises
- >think of all the scavengers that would love to chew up a deer carcass
- >no signs on this perfect skeleton
- >nope, woods are cursed, gtfo

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [30]

- >be 12 or 13
- >Uncle owns a cabin on a private lake
- >My cousin and I go exploring in woods behind cabin
- >Come across creepy graveyard, headstones are all from 1800s
- >Most of them are kids
- >Cousin and I formulate a plan and stash our walkie-talkie (parents made us take it for safety purposes) behind a gravestone
  - >Go back to cabin, act nonchalant, cousin goes upstairs to "take a nap"
  - >ask my younger brother and sister and cousin's younger sister if they want to go explore
  - >Cousin grabs white sheet and other walkie-talkie and follows us
    - >When I reach the graveyard with the younger kids, cousin loops around and flits between the trees under the sheet while saying disjointed creepy things into the walkie-talkie, which sounds like it's coming from a child's grave
    - >little cousin and siblings flip out
    - >successful family vacation

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [31]

>Be 15 in small town Wisconsin

>Staying the weekend at a friends house, he lives about 7 miles out of town in a sparsely populated area, surrounded by woods.

>Sitting in his room, decided to wait until his dad goes to sleep so we can get stoned and wander around.

>1:30-1:40 a.m. Gather flashlights and some jackets, sneak out window and drop off deck, weed and bowl in tow.

>Start walking towards forest line and wander into woods. Eventually we find what looks to be a deer path after about 20 minutes of walking, decided to follow it and burn one while walking.

>Path eventually breaks open into an absolute clearing. Circular, about the circumference of a small water tower.

>theheck.jpg

>See a path straight across, and one to the left of this circular area.

>Decide to take the left path.

>About 300 yards in, spot something glinting from the flashlight.

>Decide to check it out and approach the glinting object.

>Get closer and find out it's an old dovetail chair NAILED to a tree about 2 feet off the ground.

>The glinting object was a little necklace locket, opened and empty hung over the top nail. Just swaying back and forth.

>Feel a little odd but continue anyway.

>Further away from the chair, start seeing objects laying along the path, scattered pieces of glass/window frames, an old tire or two, some old broken toys and lawn chairs.

>Step into an overgrown area of the path which looked to be a clearing at one point.

>Friend and I are creeped out

>Friend and I stand back to back and shine our flashlights around the area, moving closer to the center.

>Old, dilapidated campers are scattered everywhere around us, tiny little tin/wood storage or outhouse buildings are leaning or falling over.

>Scattered pieces of furniture are precariously arranged around makeshift tables.

>Investigate.

>Objects on the tables and ground range from dime store novels to comic books, childrens toys and old photos of random things dating from 1930's to late 1950's. (Pics were found inside an old sealed cookie jar.)

>Friend is afraid to open the door to one of the campers. Tell him I'm freaked too but still want to do it anyway.

>Approach one of the smaller campers, it was ugly, like someone had painted the whole thing in Bondo.

>Tried the latch, seemed rusted so I tied a sleeve of my coat onto it and we both pulled until it flew open.

>Shine the light inside to look around.

>Look to the left and there's and old polished mirror stuck to the side of a small dresser by means of a knife.

>Next 3 seconds in my head (See my reflection, see friends over my shoulder, notice knife lines up with my forehead)

>Fall out of camper on top of friend.

>He asks what the hell.

>Don't answer, run over and slam the camper door shut.

>Grab hold of friend and quickly explain what I saw.

>Sweating bullets.

>Friend tells me to calm down and we'll head back.

>Slow my breathing and chuckle a bit.

>Stick close to each other as we head back towards the path.

>Friend suggests we avoid coming back, ever again.

>Agree, and turn around to give the area a once over again with the flashlight.

>I'm telling you

>Light passes over that ugly camper

>The door that took us so much effort to open falls completely off the hinges.

>Not down, but OUTWARD.

>Rotten birch tree by the camper falls and breaks one of the windows.

>All in a couple seconds.

>Friend gives OHGODWEGONNADIE face

>Both take off running down the path until we pass the chair and reach the clearing.

>Breathing hard and scared

>Stop in clearing to catch our breath and flashlight everything.

>Bad idea.  
>Either I hadn't noticed before upon arriving the first time, or something was happening.  
>Notice objects from the camper area were scattered sparsely around this circular clearing.  
>Whisper my observation to friend.  
>Run off to the right back towards his house.  
>Felt like throwing up the whole time.  
>Arrive back at the deck, hurriedly climb up, enter the window, close it behind us and pull the shades.  
>Sat on the floor sweating and panting, both scared out of our minds.  
>Discussed what just happened back there.  
>Eventually fell asleep with all the lights on.  
>Both wake up around the same time, friend grabs us some coffee while I make a few cigarettes for us.  
>Friend comes back with coffee and we smoke and start discussing what happened more in depth.  
>Still not making a whole lot of sense, friend brings something up.  
>Tells me the next time we're running away from something, cops or whatever that he's not carrying me again.  
>I ask him what he means  
>He says I had a death grip on the sleeve of his coat so hard he thought he was going to fall from trying to pull me and I should avoid crying because I was making such an ugly face.  
>Remind him I was in front of him as I was the first one in the clearing, the first one to the deck, helped him up and closed the window behind us.  
>Friend stands up and starts pacing/facepalming and cursing  
>Realize/was trying to comprehend the magnitude of that.  
>Room felt claustrophobic and chilly  
>Get up and hug my friend  
>Walk over and open the shades.  
>Crack in the window running the whole length vertically.  
>Fall down  
>We were both sick for the next couple weeks.  
>Never spoke of it or brought it up again.  
>9 years later, we live in different states, he's an organic chemist

and I travel teaching business English.

>We still talk occasionally and never directly bring up the event itself but all of the other weird stuff that has happened since "that night"

Absolutely true story, and I've never been as terrified in my life as that night. Thanks /x/ You're the first to hear of it outside of us two.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [32]

>At mexico in a very desolated area where my parents live  
>Take old dirt path to town a couple of hours away by horse  
>See old house decide to spend night in it  
>Tie horse outside  
>Fall asleep  
>Wake up to horse crying and screaming  
>Huge bird trying to lift it off the ground  
>Sees me and fly away spreading its huge wings  
>NOPE back inside hear it flying around the house for about an hour.  
>Horse was dead terrified when I saw it in the morning

No idea what it was, and in this part of mexico all the towns are just like 50 people. The only major city is the state capital.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [33]

>>Grew up in rural KS  
>>played in the woods behind out house almost every day when we were little  
>>stepdad went walking looking for deer antlers  
>>found dead deer 10 feet up in a tree  
>>cougar?

>>Guess we're not playing in the woods any more...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [34]

Not even remotely creepy, but somewhat interesting.

- >Be 7 or so
- >Live in Mississippi
- >Decide to visit grandmother who lives in Pascagoula
- >Cousins say they found something cool
- >Take me into woods behind grandmothers house
- >Walking for 10 mins or so
- >Enter a dense patch of briars and see 10 graves within 5 feet of each other that are from the mid-1800s
- >Can't read names
- >Leave
  
- >Be 11 or so
- >Go back to Pascagoula and visit cousin's house
- >They say they've found something cool again.
- >Go to woods behind their house
- >Find clearing with graves and an early model pickup wedged between trees
- >Open pickup door and find clothing and shovel
- >Decide we should cut down trees and claim ourselves a free pickup
- >Katrina
- >Go back to spot
- >Truck is gone as are gravestones
  
- >Pascagoula has too many graves hidden in woods
- >Cousins have knack for finding graves
- >Natural disasters ruin cool places and stole our free truck

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [35]

A couple of my friends from high school were on the cross country team which would regularly run through the woods, didn't have pics but here's what they told me

- >Run by an old abandoned cabin nowadays
- >Went into the first floor one day and found some lighters, nothing much
- >probably some crackhead decided to use it
- >go into second floor
- >see a bunch of fairly recent (let's say 94-2003) yearbooks from our school
- >have, in the front and back covers, those places for people to sign
- >detailed, handwritten notes about how long it takes for people to drown, bleed out from different arteries, etc.
- >they nope outta there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [36]

I have one, but it's probably nothing creepy.

- >few days ago
- >go drive some old furniture to the junk yard with my granddad, its fairly far away because the smell and regulations and whatnot
- >we drive there, dump the stuff, driving back when my granddad decides he wants to go check the woods around the area for mushrooms
- >we park on a little dirt road just off the main road, get out, lock car, go looking for mushrooms
- >he goes further ahead and I just screw around near the car
- >find some wallet, hope it has some cash in it, nothing
- >then I see a tall black figure standing in the woods
- >greet him, he says nothing back, just goes away (behind trees so I couldnt see him)

>I go a bit futher in, find a black old hat, not like a cowboy hat but more classy  
>take it with me cause I think it might be worth some money  
>put it on roof of car, go look for my grandad cause I have a crappy feeling and want to leave  
>get him, get back to the car, hat is gone from the roof.

I said nothing to him about it, we just drove off and I had this screwed up feeling in my head and stomach for a little while after.

Was probably nothing, just some other mushroom picker that stole it or something, but I thought it was really creepy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [37]

>back when I was 15/16  
>I live in a rural area, I have little to no neighbors  
>There's a big forest near my house, decide to go drinking with some friends (I only had like 8 friends, only 6 came)  
>in the middle of the party  
>someone comes up to me and tells me  
> "Yo Anon, Marcos went missing"  
>Marcos is my best friend  
>leave friends drinking  
>We explore the forest looking for Marcos  
>2:00-3:00 A.M.  
>We find a little cabin  
>Go in there looking for marcos  
>Nothing in there, just some junk and old clothes  
>My friend (the only one who came with me) starts puking  
>Dude, what's wrong?  
>points to wall  
>shelf  
>It has animals organs (a wide variety, brains, hearts, eyes, tongues, etc.)  
>they don't look rotten or anything

>fresh kills  
>NOPE out of the forest  
>1 day later  
>find out marcos didn't dissapear, he got way too drunk and returned home  
>everyone else did the same, but left no beer alive

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [38]

<https://maps.google.com/?ll=27.848512,-97.207635&spn=0.001042,0.002064&t=h&z=20>

This place is a local legend in my hometown, 2 cops were found dead in 94 at this spot, there was no reason for them to even walk through to woods here. In 98 a 16 year old kid came here and later was found dead in the same area. My friend and I went their yesterday and he started puking and shaking violently. We left quick. Sorry for no details ill be back soon to give the full story. Please post google maps link to the location.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [39]

<https://maps.google.com/?ll=27.848512,-97.207635&spn=0.001042,0.002064&t=h&z=20>

This spot is pretty weird, huge cutover in the middle of nowhere. Looks less impressive on the map because you actually feel a million miles from anywhere and can't see/hear the road out there. Also in the nearby graveyard a friend and I were followed by a shadowy "cousin it" thing.

Thinking about it now, it could have been someone screwing around in a ghillie suit. Could explain the cutover too, lots of army

training around the area.



\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[40]**

<https://maps.google.com/?ll=60.630202,6.176215&spn=0.004546,0.016512&t=h&z=17>

Norway.

Regularly went swimming with a couple of friends there.

There were a lot of dead tree logs there that we used to sit on when we weren't in the water.

One day when I sat down on the usual one, I started feeling something inside it, as if it was humming.

Turns out it was a metric ton of wasps in it.

The wasps attacked and we got out of there.

Decided to head to the other side of the lake instead of heading home as there weren't a lot to do so far away from the city.

When we got there I saw this tall, broad guy with a beard where we had been.

He had this huge raggy coat and a large stick in his hand; Just standing there facing the lake.

Pointed him out to everyone else and they saw him too, he didn't seem bothered by the wasp.

Eventually he just turned around and walked into the forest.

Later when the sun had started to set we decided to pack up and head back to the house.

When we walked back through the usual path there were A LOT of strange logs among the trees.

The logs were huge and bulky and I swear they kinda looked like the guy we saw by the lake.

We couldn't recall seeing them ever before and people started freaking out, jumping by the sight of them and overall just losing their calm.

We all started running and one of my friends even started tearing up, I thought I could hear buzzing in the distance too.

When we got home to the house I took a look to the forest and there "something" stood by the treeline, huge and burly with what I think was small swarms of insects around it.

Don't know if it were just simply paranoia or something like that, but every time I think about it I start shaking up. Just a plain feeling of dread.

Grateful that we eventually sold the house.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [41]

Note, I live in backwoods.

About a year ago last month, I heard this god awful shriek, it sounded absolutely inhuman.

A few hours later, the motion detector for animals goes off, and two of my windows break at the same time, and I hear this god awful growl, and this stench, awful stench.

I didn't sleep for weeks, but every few weeks, I hear that scream, but nothing went past my motion detector again.

It's been getting closer and farther, almost in pattern, for several months.

Note, I know what Fox's mating calls sound like, this was no Fox, nor was it any animal on Earth.

It sounded electronic, but at the same time organic. All I can tell you is, I've held on to my rifle a little closer than I previously did.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [42]

>Tag along with my dad working for one of his clients  
>He's a hunter's guide and we're walking through a remote area this guy drew out in.  
>See a doe with an orange vest on it, less than a football field away.  
>It sees us, gets up on its hind legs, and waves at us while the mouth moves like it's trying to smile, but can't.  
>Client looks into his scope at it.  
>It immediately gets back on all fours and runs off.  
>Client says that it had two entry wounds towards the heart and should have been dead.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [43]

I have a meh level one.

>Just moved to Ithaca New York  
>In this cold duplex/apartment thing  
>Odd things in general occurs in nearby woods

Examples:

>Four leaf clover  
>Smelling like something died one day, smell gone next

>One day, walking dog through woods  
>Notice odd-looking stump out of corner of eye  
>Meh  
>As I'm walking back, notice stump is on other side of tree  
>Dog starts flipping out, nope out of there

BTW, this thing moved by about 4 feet to a different position each day. My dog just always freaked out within 20-30 feet of that thing.

>Taking dog out for piss, be snowing in early December  
>See tall, pitch black, skinny guy walk out of the woods and just stare at me  
>Inhumanly tall  
>Dog stares in that direction, hair raised  
>Back away slowly, ready to run like hell  
>Person/thing turns back around, goes back into woods  
>Never feel comfortable in those woods again, dog never does either  
>Stump splits in two down to the base the day before I move

inb4 slendy

But really, it felt like something was royally pissed off in those woods. Even had nightmares of being dragged back in there into a pit by said tall figure.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[44]**

Found this well taken care of cross 20 miles from any road and 9

miles from any path. I was overcome with the feeling of needing a vomit and ran.

**[Image too large. Search HornCross.]**

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[45]**

>be hiking  
>stop to drink some water and rest up for a bit  
>getting ready to head back because it will be dark in about 2 hours  
>"Nice day for a hike isnt it?" from right behind me  
>no way some guy just walked up on me that stealthily in the middle of nowhere  
> I say "uh yeah suppose..."  
>guy is in slacks, dress shirt, and dress shoes  
>he just smiles and nods and stares out at the scenery  
>start walking back  
>look behind me every few seconds to make sure he is not following  
>still just standing there staring at the woods

I was trolled hard or there was something seriously wrong with that guy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[46]**

>Be staying at my cabin in Northern MN  
>Super rural, woods everywhere  
>Go outside with flashlight to grab some sticks for a fire  
>Hear rustling in the woods  
>Shine my flashlight  
>3 pairs of eyes staring at me

>Oh cool, must be deer  
>I want to see them more clearly  
>Grab a more powerful flashlight/spotlight  
>Shine where the eyes were a minute ago  
>Aww, they left  
>Wait, those woods are like....solid brush  
>I couldn't have seen anything through that  
>They must have been closer to me than I thought  
>Close enough where I should have seen their bodies  
>Go back inside

I went back out to look again about 50 minutes ago because I like scaring myself, but no animals at all are making noise.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [47]

>my family moves out to a small house in the country  
>exploring the backwoods for the first time  
>sudden massive sense of foreboding  
>path suddenly turns  
>find a skinned animal (raccoon?) in the middle of the path  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [48]

>be about 13 or 14  
>me and friend go walking around the woods in my back yard.  
>find a trail.  
>follow it.  
>see a knife stuck in a tree.  
>Me and friend "what" at the same time.  
>pull knife out of tree for keepsake.  
>3 seconds later hear a loud screeching sound.

>followed by a thump on the ground and trees rusteling above.  
>me and friend frozen in fear.  
>10 seconds later we hear another screech far away.  
>me and friend Sprint out of the woods.  
>we agree not to talk about it as we would sound crazy.

Now I'm 20 and this is the first time I've mentioned it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [49]

>Last summer  
>shooting .22s with friends deep innawoods  
>I had my car parked in the middle of the trail surrounded by palmettos (pic related)  
>see a truck coming down the trail, realize we've blocked it with the car  
>go to warn driver to let us move the car  
>man in black jacket and sunglasses drives right by us  
>three dogs in cages in the truckbed  
>we follow immediately so we can let him through  
>lose sight of the truck around palmettos  
>turn corner to see my car exactly where it had been and NO sign of a truck  
>still can't explain it

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [50]

>be 10 years ago  
>be 16  
>be huntan innawoods with my uncle  
>we are walking an area that hasn't been logged since the late 60's early 70's  
>uncle wants to head down the hill we're on to check it out while I

decide to go up the hill  
>I end up on an old over grown logging road and slowly trudge up that  
> Suddenly I get this really weird sensation and I freeze.  
>Hairs on the back of my neck standing up  
>suddenly a 20lb rock comes flying out of the tree line and smacks into another tree on other side of the road.  
>thumb on safety  
>slowly back out and down the road  
>uncle meets me at the base like 5 min after I got there and he was coming up so it couldn't have been him

Still don't know what happened, prolly some old tweekers or something, but it was creepy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [51]

>Be 12 years old in early 2000s  
>Be camping with family in Adirondacks NY  
>Me and older sister (14) go hiking up this really steep mountain in the woods for a long time  
>Get to clearing at the top  
>Hear "Hey kids! Up here!"  
>See a very pale, thin bald man in a tight fitting dark suit sitting way up in a spruce tree, much higher than anyone could get as no branches down low  
>He looks really old and wrinkly and he's eating this really dark bloody meat and making these nasty smacking and burping noises  
>His face is smeared with blood  
>Overcome by most foul odor you can possibly imagine, like aweful rotten things  
>This pale man is tossing pieces of this nasty bloody meat down as he eats  
>Keeps commenting on how good it tastes and asks where he can find more. Says he murdered a family just over yonder and we

can go check if we don't believe him  
>Sister bursts into tears  
>We turn and run for dear life down the mountain  
>Turn expecting to see him chasing us but he's just screaming after us and laughing  
>We get back to camp and of course my parents don't believe us but do call the cops.  
>ONE ancient park ranger comes out and drives up the mountain to check it out  
>Comes back a while later saying all he found was a gutted deer, probably hunters  
>Sister got sick that night, puked all night  
>Late that night around the campfire I saw the man again in a tree just past our campsite, still eating and I could hear him chomping and smacking even though he should have been too far away for me to hear  
>I started crying and no one else saw him

I remember the sheer horror I felt seeing that man. Nothing has ever scared me so bad as he did. I remember knowing somehow that no one can save me from him, not my dad, not my mom, not the police, no one, if he wanted to kill me.

Years later I brought it up to my sister and she literally freaked out.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [52]

>Be 9 or 10  
>Winter vacation  
>Spending it in small house on edge of huge forest in deserted village  
>It's getting dark  
>I don't care, playing in the snow by the forest  
>Suddenly unearthly shrieking noise  
>Sound is so loud and horrid I can't do much but panic

>Run to house  
>White as chalk, crying  
>Noone else heard anything  
>mfw

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [53]

Sup /x/ I'm bit bored so I'm going to a mildly creepy storie. Green text of course.

>Be 16/17  
>Live on a countryside with my parents.  
>I had few friends there, boy and his sister.  
>We used to "adventure" in the forest, fields.  
>Find an old house in the forest.  
>Sister tells me that its abandon house.  
>Hell yeah, me and my friends went to that house.  
>Wander on the yard.  
>Didn't have guts to go in to the house.  
>Friend "accidentally" throws a rock through the houses window.  
>Take few photos and leave.

next day

>Come back to the house.  
>Someone has fixed the windows.  
>Shieeeeet, we gtfo and never came back.  
Yeah I know, not that creepy, but its gets better.  
>Few weeks ago, read an article on the web.  
>"Murders in Pornainen (a village where I live)"  
>Article says that on the "abandon"house was happened two murders in 1980. Mother suffocated two of their children on a well filled with icy water.  
>Read the article more further and It says that "...after the mother was in mental hospital she came with her husband back to the house were the murders happened..."  
>Which means that the house were we broke the windows was not actually abandon.  
Hah! Me and my friends broke murderer's window. Cool.

Few months after we visited the "abandon" house.

>It's winter.

>It's night, so it's dark.

>Be chilling inside, when dad comes inside and says:

>"Come outside, there are weird sounds coming from forest(where the abandon house is located).

>forest block our sight to the house. But we can see the sky over the house.

>The sky is red like fire.

>Hear someone shout "HEEELP, HELP!!!"

>Dogs are barking.

>Too much snow, we weren't able to go to that house.

God knows what happened there.

Sorry about bad English. Picture relates, that's the house.

**[Image too large. Search SeTalo.]**

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[54]**

>be 10

>living near a pretty decent sized forest

>never really explored it before

>decide to go check it out

>wander deep in

>see something in the distance

>sprint over

>it's a barbed-wire web

>something that looks strangely like flesh dangling from it

>ohmanohgodohmanohgod.avi

>turn and run

>boot sinks into mud

>manage to tear foot free, leave boot behind

>get home

>mom is pissed that I lost boot

>don't tell her what I saw  
>next day, storm  
>two days later, mom forces me to go find my boot  
>manage to get out there again  
>tree had fallen on the web  
>entirely broken  
>never found boot, probably got covered up by leaves  
>oh well

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [55]

>Having a walk with my dog on our usual path in the forest (which is linked to a cemetery)  
>Suddenly dog starts crawling, looking forward, growling  
> Feels a strange presence but see nothing  
> Dog refuses to advance, still growling  
> Scares the hell out of me, decides to go back

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [56]

>Traveling with church group on some retreat trip.  
>In the backwoods of Mississippi.  
>Riding church van down roads with little traffic. 4pm, a Sunday.  
>Friend ate a bad egg that morning, throws up on bus.  
>Ew, the stench.  
>Pull off at nearest driveway.  
>End up at parking area in front of a massive southern plantation mansion.  
>All of us look around, checking out the property.  
>Very pretty. Magnolias, azaleas, fields and trees, whitewashed.  
>Look up at 3rd floor window and see the curtain pulled back,

and a child [at least I assume, it was small] was looking at us.

>Another friend looks up and sees the same thing I did.

>My eyesight at the time was horrible, he said it was a little girl

>Excited, he goes back to ask our driver and chaperone if we could go on the tour.

>She tells him that today is Sunday, no tours.

>I come up and ask if anyone lives here.

>"No one's lived here in almost forty years, Anon."

>I look up at the window where I saw the girl before, so does my friend.

>Of course the curtain is undisturbed and the girl is not there.

>NOPE NOPE back to the van with my friend.

>Find out a few years later this house is haunted, thus the maintenance of the property and tours offered.

>Haunted by a little girl that died in a horrific fireplace accident on the 3rd floor in the nursery of the home.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [57]

>Be on some pasturelands belonging to a friend of my father (with my father and brother)

>Father friends gives us permission to hunt

>Wildboars have been killing his cattle

>We're hunting for the boars and some hares, hopefully

>At some point in the night we hide behind some scrubs that surround the place were animal drink, more like a really big puddle than anything but I don't know the name in english

>We see a horse go for a drink

>We do see some hares but leave them since we want those boars

>I start to fall asleep (about 30 hours out of sleep)

>My brother wakes me up passing the rifle

>one boar is approaching the... from out of some scrubs and other undergrowth and there's more noise

>it takes me a really long time to actually point and shoot, I can't see anything through the sight because I'm half asleep

>two shoots ( would later realize one shot went through the intestine and ruined the meat for us, leaving it for the dogs)  
> we go down to approach the body  
>the rest of the boars are still roaming the scrubs evidently pissed off and emulating as if they were about to charge at us, always retiring at the end  
>a shot and the flashlights finally disuade them  
>and while they are retiring I notice a shadow running in two legs along them

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [58]

>Geocaching with friends  
>Gets dark  
>Follow a railroad in the forest what will probably lead to the catch  
>Enter the forest  
>now deep in the forest  
>See some lights up hill, like someone is following us  
>Lights are now behind us on railroad  
>not a train  
>RUN!

Probably lame but only one can remember for now.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [59]

Two, one not scary but was kinda creepy and cool, 2nd was a little weird.

>Night hiking by Shrewsbury amongst the remains of a crashed B17 Bomber from WWII.  
>Clear night, bits of metal everywhere, no way anyone survived.

2nd.

>Hiking through Snowdon National Park.  
>We've made camp for the night and have been sitting around our fire having a drink about 12 at nght.  
>Look up to a hill about 2-3 miles away.  
>See lights moving insanely fast, like car at speed fast.  
>No roads on that hill.  
>Nope.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [60]

>live in Nowhere, Indiana out near the woods  
>routinely see weird stuff in sky  
>coming back from friend's house, see that emergency light over neighbor's barn has a second, much larger light over it  
>wat.tiff  
>have mom come out of house to look, she agrees it's weird  
>get dad, who's skeptical as all hell  
>"it's just a plan-"  
>as he's talking, it goes bright enough to light up the barn and then abruptly disappears  
>"Go inside, lock the doors, and lock the windows."

I seriously hate living in the country.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [61]

> teenager, walking through woods  
> trying to find a spot where I saw some interesting plants the year before  
> walk through dense foliage, off the trail

- > suddenly find little clearing with low overhanging tree
- > crawl under it
- > see all kinds of women's and girls' panties hanging from the branches
- > found it threatening and creepy as pedophiles have been active in those woods

I also remember finding porn booklets stacked in hollow trees, and once or twice even in the middle of a path. Curious as a kid, naturally, but now I'm sure someone must have been watching me flip through those booklets.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [62]

- >be 10
- >walking in woods with brother
- >notice everything is weirdly quiet
- >brother stops dead in tracks
- >refuses to move
- >finally see the guy crouching that my brother is staring at
- >big, old, gruff and dirty, torn clothes and hairy
- > swear saw blood on his face and hands
- >we turn and run back to our house, a good mile or two sprint
- >we lock all the doors, hide under my bed
- >continue to freak out about it 10 years later

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [63]

- >Be 14, at my friends families rural cabin with his dad.
- > His dad has to leave due to a fire (volunteer fire fighter) trusted us to man up and take care of ourselves.
- >We BS about stories at school, our next d&d game, what girls we are crushing on, next wrestling tournament etc.

> Starts getting cold, and we are running out of fire wood.  
> Hear a odd howl from the woods, figured it was wolves  
> More howls, but they seem darker.  
> We dismiss it and continue BSing, it's Louisiana swamps so what ever  
    > Decided we need more fire wood because it is getting even colder (about 50 and its July in Louisiana so very odd)  
    > Man up, get a flash light and go to the back while he tries to call his dad again. Seems a lot warmer outside put the flashlight on a hanging cord, tie it up, take the axe and start cutting the wood.  
    > Hear the howls again  
    > I got a ax am 14 and invisible what ever  
    > Hear something brusling around the swamp area.  
    > See red eyes  
    >Grab the flash light....see something that is hard to discribe  
    >It is a gator with white scales, standing on its hind legs, long arms, and the head of a wolf.  
    > Piss myself, run inside with the ax  
    > Friend calls BS and the wrestling team calls me "Pisser" for a few months.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [64]

>live near wooded area in 2003  
>go out with friend and explore  
>sometimes go to this sandy area that had small pond in the middle of it  
    >one weekend we decide to camp there  
    >it's only 20 minutes away so parents are fine with it  
    >during the day we set up the tent then go exploring like usual  
    >feel kind of uneasy for some reason  
    >pass it off as excitement  
    >starts to get to be the evening and we head back to the tent  
    >have juice boxes to drink and candy to eat  
    >we tell a few ghost stories to try and scare each other

>end up falling asleep around 12:00PM  
>wake up around 2 or 3 hours later and need to piss  
>unzip tent and go to take piss on nearby tree  
>get done pissing then notice something  
>light coming from pond area  
>walk over and look into water  
>see what looks like a metal hatch at the bottom with light  
coming from the cracks  
>wake up next morning  
>don't remember getting back into tent  
>think it was all a dream  
>need to piss  
>get up and go to tree to piss  
>smells like piss  
>"Wait a minute..."  
>wake up friend and ask him if he went to the bathroom  
that night  
>he says he didn't  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [65]

>camping with friends  
>walking along this path with my friend talking loudly  
>she asks me  
>"Oh crap, Meg did you bring that extra sleeping bag for me?"  
>Yeah I got it, we're good.  
>we keep walking  
>getting pretty far away from camp  
>suddenly from the brush cross the stream that our path  
paralleled  
>Beeeeehhh did yeeeyyee bbrbrbring da eeetra eeeeipi  
beeerrrrrgggg fo me  
>it was so inhuman sounding like an animal almost  
>it repeats several times  
>each time it sounds more and more like my friend

>we are terrified  
>we start running back  
>hear leaves moving behind us  
>too afraid to look  
>from behind us in a low whimper  
>"waaait I'm hurt"  
>sounds just like me  
>I'm crying  
>we keep running  
>as we get closer to the opening into the field we were camping in the bushes are thicker  
>we're not real fit and we had been running pretty hard  
>gasping for air  
>directly from the right of us  
>"tired YET"  
>sounds like her again with almost a bark  
>shaking so hard at this point  
>I turn and look back  
>see this massive mound of fur in the bushes turn and go back the way we came from  
>get to camp and tell our friends what happened  
>they of course don't believe us  
>we refuse to stay there that night  
>get in her car and drive to town and sleep in a cheap motel  
>about 10 PM her phone rings  
>friends at the camp  
>"JESUS WILL YOU GUYS GIVE IT UP? IT'S BEEN TWO HOURS YOU'RE NOT SCARING US JUST KEEPING US FROM SLEEPING"  
>friend gets hysterical telling them to leave  
>they're convinced we drove back there are in the woods  
yelling that we're hurt and for them to come help us  
>I turn up the motel tv and let them hear that we're in town  
>they hang up immediately and drive to our motel and spend the rest of the night  
>next day we go back for our stuff and never go camping again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [66]

>Be 15  
>Out hunting with my uncle  
>dreary woods on a gray day  
>after many boring hours in the rain  
>he hits a deer in the leg and it collapses  
>he shoots it again and we approach  
>it fell into long grass so we don't see the body till right up close  
    > body is deformed in several places  
    >the head looks bent up somehow and the ribs showing through the skin  
    >the bullet took out a great chunk from its side  
    >way more meat missing than there should be  
    >look inside the fresh wound  
    >glimpse hairless white rat slip between two folds of wet flesh

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [67]

>out in the middle of no where in west texas dove hunting  
>walked several miles from my camp  
    >starts to get dark see a large figure moving  
    >looks like a huge boar  
    >doesnt make any noise  
    >throw stuff at it nothing  
    >starts getting dark fast as sun goes down behind hill.  
    >snakes and centipedes come out and are almost everywhere look in front of me  
    >start walking to camp something big is following me can't see it no flashlight  
    >start running think its an angry wild boar  
    >sun has gone down loose my sense of direction  
    >walking blindly through tall grass and mesquite trees  
    >finally make it back to a familiar area and then go to camp

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [68]

>be out camping alone on memorial day weekend 3 years ago  
>remote location, middle of the woods in northern California  
>it was basically my family's secret camping spot  
>everything was fine every year we went but this time something  
was wrong  
>looked like someone had been there  
>strange markings on the ground done with black charcoal or  
something  
>uneasy feeling in general, ignore it and try to have a good time  
>I did my best to wipe the markings away  
>started to set up camp, tent, fire, etc.  
>getting dark outside  
>terrible feeling of hopelessness came over me  
>sit down by camp fire to try to warm up  
>drinking a soda, snacking on potato chips  
>hear something scurry in the bush ahead of me  
>calm down, it's just an animal, you're in the woods you idiot  
>ungodly "skrurrroowwohhhhh" sound coming from the forest  
>start to "hallucinate", see a completely black humanoid figure  
hanging from a tree with freaking spot lights for eyes  
>get in my tent, zip it up, turn on lantern  
>unable to sleep for hours until I finally pass out around say 3:30-  
ish  
>wake up, still pitch black outside  
>gotta take a piss  
>unzip tent, hurry over to a tree, start pissing  
>in the distance make out what looks like an assortment of  
animal heads stuck on sticks coming from the ground with melted  
candles forming a circle around them  
>finish piss  
>run back to tent  
>don't sleep the rest of the night  
>first thing in the morning hike my way back to nearest town  
where I left my car

>don't even take the time to pack up  
>never going back there  
>told the rest of my family about it and they didn't really take me seriously  
>none of them have gone back there yet but if they do, can't say I didn't warn them

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [69]

Oh god, I used to live in the woods actually and found some weird things, mostly around the outer lines of my property.  
Here's a list of the weirdest:

>Bloody diaper  
>Gutted animals  
>What I was pretty sure were human teeth  
>Large patch of dried blood on a tree  
>Headless chicken

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [70]

>be 15 at the time  
>riding bike in woods from my school, used to have a pathway  
>heard tales of hobos living there and even naked men coming up to girls at the school  
>stop bike at a swamp  
>look down into the swamp  
>stay there for a while  
>head back to home walking bike  
>theres a dead squirrel that wasn't there before  
>nope

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [71]

>be 12  
>exploring woods with cousin  
>property used to belong to murderer  
>see something weird in small ditch  
>is baby doll head, detached from body, mud completely covering the eyes so they're a deep brown  
>2spooky4me

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [72]

>move  
>go to woods around new house with dad  
>find foundation of old settler house circa 1846

Few years later

>go  
>show friend  
>heart memorial with rose pedals in the center

Next day

>return with two other friends  
>roses and heart stone gone

Still weirds me out.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [73]

> Be going to summer camp  
> Playing tag in the woods

- > Running through woods with best friend
- > See what looks like a ripped black garbage bag
- > Confused, tell one of the councelers
- > They freak out when they search the bag
- > Kids aren't allowed in the woods for the rest of the day

It turns out it was a young girl who had gone missing, she was shot in the back of the head and raped afterwards, then the body was ditched. Never caught the guy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [74]

More weird woods.

- > Be around 16
- > Going through woods at Grandparents house
- > Looking for birds to shoot
- > There's an old bench in the dead centre of the woods, been there since I was a baby
- > Go exploring in woods
- > Come back later
- > 3 dead squirrels laying on bench
- > Go ask granddad if he killed anything while I was in the woods
- > Has no clue what I'm talking about

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [75]

Last one for now, I'll be monitoring the thread if anyone wants more.

- > Be 8
- > Woods near my house
- > Go exploring with two friends one day

- > Find what looks like an old "ramshackle" shed \*Ramshackle was the word my mother used to describe a homeless person's home
- > We decide to go exploring inside
- > All we find is a chair and some cans
- > Continue exploring
- > The next day we all go back
- > The chair was smashed and the cans had what looked like blood on them
- > Nope'd all the way home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [76]

I worked at a sleepaway camp last summer, some weird stuff happened to a buddy of mine.

Basically the camp owns a few acres of forest and two lakes and all summer this mysterious guy was living on the property, illegally obviously.

The cops knew and they had tried to search, but they told us to just contact them if he showed up again cuz they couldn't find him.

One night someone found several killed animals near the camp so my friend Dylan had to search the forest with a partner, so the two of them ran down a trail headed towards his location carrying a hunter's knife and a walkie-talkie.

They made it about half a mile into the woods from the main campground when they heard a sudden movement and when they shot their flashlight in that direction they spotted the deranged man naked, hands and face bloodied, with a few dead rabbits in his hands. They stood there for two seconds and then sprinted back to the camp.

After that no one saw him, but it was still pretty terrible that this guy was living in a forest for three months without clothes or

anything.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

[77]

When I was 15 I was a Mormon, and I went to church with my parents. Occasionally a homeless guy named "Earl" would show up on winter days to warm himself in the church's foyer during services. He was really weird, and would often talk to himself while rocking back and forth.

After a few months of this our bishop called the police to see if this guy was a risk. It turns out he was; he had recently wandered away from a low-security mental hospital in Iowa, and must have hitchhiked his way across the country.

The police came to get Earl, who was taken back to his Iowa mental hospital.

Flash forward 2 years.

I'm at the bishop's house, hanging out with his son, when someone calls the house phone (which is virtually unheard of at this point, as everyone has cell phones).

The caller was Earl, the escaped mental patient, who told the bishop that he was behind the church, in the woods, with a shotgun and a Book of Mormon, and was ready to help usher in the apocalypse.

As we were about 2 miles away from the church at the time, this made us really nervous. The police were called and they searched the woods for hours. Just at the break of dawn they found a sleeping bag covered in coyote blood a, Bowie knife, and a Book of Mormon, but no Earl.

They never did find Earl.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [78]

>be 18  
>camping with friends on South Manitou Island, Michigan  
>hiking back to campsite from dunes at night, under thick canopy  
>pitch blackness  
>2 LED headlamps start flickering at the same time  
>getting a little bit scared  
>keep walking for 15 minutes  
>both headlamps completely shut off  
>decide to cut through woods to beach to hike by moonlight rather than in creepy forest  
>about 1/4 mile off trail see a massive black shape in woods and lots of noise  
>freeze, scared of possible bear  
>freaking out  
>noise dies down, wanders off  
>keep slowly walking towards shore  
>strange hum begins, 3 of us hear it  
>beach ball sized white ball of light floats down from canopy and starts moving towards us  
>3 of us freeze  
>orb breaks left behind giant cedar tree, about 10 meters in front of us  
>doesn't appear again  
>start crying  
>sit back to back until dawn, terrified out of our minds  
>headlamps turn back on at dawn  
>back to camp  
>never go back

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [79]

Happened back in 2009 I believe, had creepy stuff happen my whole life, but nothing like this happened before.

>Thanksgiving weekend, home from uni  
>We wake up early to go to my Grandmothers out in the woods  
>Two houses near each other on the property, mothers and grandmothers  
>They're all at the other house, I'm showering in the lone house since I hadn't had a chance that morning  
>Alone in the house with my step Grandfather  
>He can barely get off the couch, or hear  
>While in shower hear knocking on the bathroom door  
>Its locked so Ask "what is it?"  
>knocking again, louder this time  
>"What is it?"  
>This time it turns into a door rattling banging on the door, stuff on the shelf (4 foot long ways shelf full of bottles of perfume, shaving creme, ect.) shakes  
>Pull back curtain agitated and yell "What do you want, I'm in the shower?!"  
>Door slams open, and then everything on the shelf next to the door looks like someone ran their hand across knocking all the bottles into the floor  
>run out into towel, grandfather looks scared to death asking what happened, no one in the house or the woods around the house  
>We go to the other house and join the others telling them what happened  
>My grandmother says weird stuff has been happening the last few years

I never stay in that house for more than thirty minutes usually, but she claims every night she hears or even sees doors that are locked slamming open and shut. I haven't had any more experiences like that one in the house myself though.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [80]

- >Be 17.
- >Live in a backwater town surrounded by acres of farm land.
- >Frequently hike through said farm land late at night (we have clear skies so it is usually fairly illuminated).
- >Be particularly daring one day and head through a private wooded area.
- >Find a fairly large pond which looks stunning under the moonlight.
- >Notice a wire fenced off area.
- >Think nothing of it as it isn't uncommon for people to keep quails and pheasants for the purpose of hunting game.
- >Notice that part way down the fence posts are uprooted and the fencing is in tatters.
- >Again think nothing of it as it is possible this place is just old and untouched.
- >Hear a rustling in the bushes.
- >A shirtless man in rags stumbles out with the biggest grin on his face and blood around his mouth.
- >Eyes full of menace.
- >A sheep carcass is visible amongst the now open brush.
- >Chases me for about 10 minutes all the while yelling that he was going to get me.
- >Eventually lose sight of him.

I don't know if he was drugged or what but it's needless to say I never went back or heard about him again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [81]

- >need to have a cigarette
- >had to go outside to smoke
- >cornfield between my house the nature reserve
- >back against the side paneling of my house

>Notice the tops of the corn stalks moving  
>Curious, I began wading into the field to see what was making them move  
>was an often occurrence that deer would try to eat the cobs of the stalks  
>walking through the field when the stalks stopped moving 25-50 yards ahead  
>get to said spot  
>found a childrens left-foot shoe, blue  
>wat.jpeg  
>glance back at my house and then towards the cornfield ahead  
>can see movement in the treeline  
>sprint as fast as I could  
>another childrens shoe, identical but right-foot  
>too chicken to continue through the forest

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [82]

>Be hunting couple months back  
>Getting dark  
>In woods known whole life  
>Walking to truck  
>Hear walking behind me  
>Walking through trees  
>Getting darker  
>Walker has caught up  
>Is now 30 some yards to my left  
>Hes going ahead  
>Realize hes going to get between me and truck  
>Run till trucks in sight  
>Stop, other being has also stopped  
>Pull up rifle, safety disengaged  
>Slowly walk through dark forest  
>Waiting for ambush  
>Nothing happens get in truck drive 75 on back roads home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [83]

>last winter  
>camping at a lake with a friend  
>me and friend using same tent (no homo)  
>night time  
>friend is asleep but I'm still awake  
>I start hearing someone walking close by our tent  
>pretty bright out with a full moon and snow here and there  
>look outside the tent  
>see a dude walking by our campsite  
>he looks like he's covered in grease, has no shirt on and it's winter  
>he sees me, nods and just keeps walking

It made no sense. I know for a fact that he wasn't wet with water cause water doesn't drip the way that oily stuff was dripping off of him. Not only that but he had no shirt on and it was really cold. I was creeped, to say the least.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [84]

Sorry for my english if there's grammar errors, but:

>be a kid 16 years  
>almost midnight, quite dark  
>ride a bicycle along a road middle of forest in the countryside  
>suddenly something "wolfish" starts running along me beside the road in the forest  
>speed up in panic  
>"wolfy" runs along with me couple kilometers and then disappears into forest  
>wtf was it, don't even

I still don't know what it was, because it was huge like a moose but gray as a wolf and ran like a dog but why it didnt come to the road or catch me, just ran along in the forest?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [85]

>Be in college  
>At uncles cabin on uncles land in middle of nowhere Indiana  
>Cousin and our girlfriends with me  
>Outside drinking around fire we built in firepit  
>Hear rustling in woods, doesn't sound like animal  
>Girls getting scared, I shout into woods, cousin goes to get a rifle  
>Noise stops, cousin comes out with guns.  
>Itsjustnervesnobigdeal.jpg  
>Hear rustling again, much closer  
>Tell girls to get inside and lock doors. They watch from sliding glass door  
>Me and cousin freaking out. He has rifle at the ready  
>We yell that we have gun and this is private property  
>Rustling is getting faster and louder  
>Crazy guy comes running out of woods at us full steam with machete in hand  
>We yell to stop  
>He doesn't  
>Cousin shoots and hits  
>Guy falls  
>We run inside and call cops  
>Police come, find trail of blood leading into woods  
>Come back 2 hours later saying they didn't find anything  
>We leave that night and never return again.  
>Screwthatplace.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [86]

> be in south Georgia  
> year or two ago  
> clearing in woods me and my buddies always drink and party at  
> I'm out there by myself and one other buddy shows up  
> I'm drinking, he isn't  
> have music loud from my truck  
> big fire going  
> hear something walking in woods  
> me and friend run to truck  
> crank it up, turn lights on to face where we heard it  
> see nothing  
> get out of truck and sit by fire again  
> sounds like it's running towards us  
> get back in truck and leave

Never found out what it was. Continued to party out there all the time and it never happened again. It was something big because it was breaking sticks and had heavy footsteps. But I had my music on my truck pretty loud and a big fire going so I know it wasn't a deer. Still don't know what it was.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [87]

Ha, I'm in Rochester, used to live in Binghamton, which is surprisingly woodsy. I'll post my somewhat creepy story

>live in a house on a mountain  
>have huge expanse of woods behind our house  
>decide to climb up with my brother  
>steep, make slow time going up  
>about 3/4 mile away from our house, we come across a dirty shack  
>filthy pile of clothes, what looks like a mattress, trash

everywhere

>look through some of the trash, find a cracked pot, a ton of forks, bits of rope, a rusty saw, and some dirty women's underwear

>brother poking around the in the corner, lifts up some rags to find a jar filled with small bones

>realize that saw wasn't rusty, it was dry blood

>run down the mountain trying not to piss myself

>Next day neighbors put up lost dog signs

>two weeks after that someone tried to break in to our house but I got up to use the bathroom and apparently scared them off

tl;dr: crazy hobo ate a dog and tried to break into our house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [88]

I live in southeast TN myself, around Chattanooga.

>Be five

>Just moved into new house.

>Sleeping alone in new room, no curtains because we're out in the country and parents see no danger.

>New streetlight installed (we were so far out there were none beforehand)

>Looking out window at streetlight which is across the yard from my room.

>See strange, pig-like creature that stands on two legs. It's small, about the size of a toddler.

>Almost looks pig and cat-like.

>Entire body is a greyish color.

>Messing with the little white flowers that grew around the area.

>Watch it for what seemed like hours.

>It looks up at me.

>OHGOD

>Run and wake up my mom.  
>It's gone.  
>They tell me I was having a bad dream.  
>Find indistinguishable prints in the fresh mud the next day (it hadn't been raining much, but since they'd just installed the light there was moist mud all around it)

To this day I have only encountered one other person irl that's seem the same thing, and a few people here on /x/ say they've had similar experiences.

Weird stuff was always going on at that house but I eventually wasn't so scared anymore after a year or so...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [89]

>Grow up in the middle of Nowhere, Kentucky  
>turkey hunting, see a fox  
>was young and dumb  
>shoot fox  
>found out it's a mother (felt horrible)  
>me and brother (seasoned trapper) look for babies  
>walk across canyon like gap on a log  
>Hear the laughter of something small  
>laughter  
> literally sound like a gnome or elf laugh  
>turn around and look at brother  
>mfw we both hear directly under us

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [90]

I went to law school in far western Virginia, right near the border with West Virginia and Kentucky. I never believed in ghosts and

other paranormal stuff until I started living there. I've had a bunch of weird things happen, but I'll just share this one mediocre story.

Shortly after I moved there, I woke up at about 3:00 AM, and noticed this blue light shining around my window. I figured someone was trying to break in and I would have to screw them up. So I peek out of the blinds and there's this large orb of light outside, not too far from my window. The strangest thing to me is how your brain rationalizes things like this when it's actually confronted by them, especially if you're a skeptic. In the span of just a few seconds I thought to myself, "The weather sure is strange around here...you can see ball lightning. Ball lightning doesn't stick around for that long. I wonder what that thing was. Oh well, time to go back to bed, nothing I can do about it now, maybe it didn't see me." About a year later (and for the rest of the time that I lived there) I started waking up with really bad panic attacks, always at 3:00 AM. I didn't put the two things together until after I had left.

What I found really interesting about living in the country is that people there have a really nonchalant attitude about seeing paranormal things. The old people especially will tell you just matter-of-factly that things like that just happen, and you should really shut up and chill out. Every so often, though, you'll hear one of them talk about a place that even they're not comfortable going, so my philosophy was to listen to them when they started speaking with wide eyes and in hushed tones.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [91]

Never explored around there, but I have around my grandad's place.

>Cutting down trees with my dad  
>firewood, all that jazz  
>dad's like 'Hey son, check this out.'

>dad shows me the run down ruins of an old farmhouse  
>only chimney still remotely standing, made of stones  
>shows me family cemetery in backyard  
>1800s dates, above ground coffins, a HAND  
>A FREAKING HUMAN HAND partially fossilized outside the stone

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [92]

>Be 15  
>Hanging out with two friends in open area above train tunnel, on the edge of woods  
>See group of 10 people walking down train tracks  
>Cool  
>They get closer, notice they are all carrying bats and sticks  
>One guy has a friggin' crossbow  
>They see us and point at us  
>NOPE.gif  
>Run into woods until we reach a cement bridge that sits over a ravine, hide under bridge  
>Freak out for about a minute, then we hear the group approaching  
>They don't say a word, but are hitting and slamming their bats and sticks on the bridge as they pass  
>Luckily they don't stop and keep moving, never see them again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [93]

>on four day canoe trip with my buddy through Mississippi  
>second night  
>stop to set up camp in a clearing on the river bank  
>literally in the middle of nowhere at least 30 miles from the nearest town

>exhausted from paddling  
>immediately pass out as soon as the tent is up  
>wake up to my friend shaking me with his hand over my mouth  
>puts his finger to his mouth in the "quiet" sign  
>he has his hand gun out  
>start to hear a lot of movement right outside our tent  
>sounds like multiple animals rooting around in the dirt all around the tent  
>moon and stars are bright  
>hot out, so the tent is ventilated and almost see through  
>see at least four human shaped shadows gather around our tent  
>what the hell, man  
>friend fires one round into the air through the roof of the tent  
>shadows beat feet

No clue what that was about, but needless to say we slept in shifts for the rest of the trip after that. It was probably just some hicks coming to rape us and take our stuff (we were paddling in an expensive race canoe and had various other pieces of high end gear) but it could have been aliens or skeletons or something.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [94]

Not good at story telling but this is a real story that happened to my friend's brother/friends.

>out camping in the northern Utah mountains  
>sleeping in truck bed with camper attached because its more spacious than front seats  
>one of my friend's brothers friend wakes up to scratching noises outside of truck  
>sees a figure of a man slowly walking around the truck, scratching the side of it with something  
>wake everyone up and crawl through little window to front seat  
>guy outside opens the front door (it was unlocked for some reason) and the friend quickly grabs it and shuts it back

>tug of war with guy because the friend panics and doesn't realize he can lock the door  
>finally locks door and quickly turns on car lights  
>guy is somehow gone

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [95]

>Be 8 in western washington, Enumclaw.  
> playing hide n seek with friends near a large wheat field.  
> 3rd or 4th round into the night when we hear this shriek and the two oldest kids scream.  
>they were hiding in a bush section that took like 3 kids to shake.  
>something attacked them through the bushes, scratches on their backs and necks.  
>Stopped playing after that and never found out what hit them.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [96]

this just happened a couple months ago

>live in tampa FL most of my life  
>around 10pm or so  
>me and 3 friends sneak (more like just walk under gate) into wilderness park  
>friend knows a path that leads to an 3 story tall tower  
>following path, talking, joking about spooky stuff  
>suddenly my friend stop  
>has his face ajar, just staring  
>backs up slowly then turns around and full on sprints away  
>we all flip out and start running too  
> fall (trip over something)

>look behind me, nothing there  
>get up dusting myself off  
>look forward towards the exit  
>a naked guy is standing there  
>he's big, 6'5+ easily  
>just standing there watching me  
>we look at eachother for like 5 minutes  
>hear friend start coming back, he does too, runs into forest  
>friend sees him to this  
>turns around and runs  
> take the chance to run too  
>get to the street  
>im gasping for air  
>I'm fat

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [97]

Western NC here, I have some kind of 2spooky stories.

>few years ago  
>hiking, looking for a good place to hunt  
>find a bunch of old shacks in a clearing  
>start noping a little  
>curiosity overcomes fear  
>investigate  
>lots of old dirty clothing from what looks like way back  
>some are missing big patches  
>hearing a rustling in the woods  
>see a humanoid figure lurking around at the edge of the clearing  
>it is watching me  
>call out to it  
>old guy walks towards me  
>bricks are poking out  
>we start talking  
>he is a really cool guy  
>old hippy who has lived out there for the past 10 years

>still go talk to him

Everything went better than expected.

Moar hobo adventures?

>about a year after I'd first met him  
>go to hang out  
>spend the better part of the day talking  
>getting dark  
>it is 6 miles back to my house  
>pretty much knew wouldnt make it back before it was too dark to walk  
>decided screw it, if he doesnt mind 'll just spend the night here and go home in the morning  
>we build a big bonfire and keep talking for a few more hours after the sun sets  
>fire is starting to die down  
>human looking shadows start darting everywhere  
>he seems to take notice but doesn't pay them any attention  
>ask him if he sees them too  
>he says yes  
>ask him what is going on  
>tells me a lot of people died here  
>it used to be a hooverville back in the day  
>piss self a little  
>ask how they died  
>says a fire got out of control and the shacks and surrounding woods burnt up  
>shadows are getting closer  
>he still doesn't care  
>they stop moving so fast  
>starting to be able to make out distinct hands and faces  
>tells me not to worry  
>they are groovy, his exact words  
>drift off to sleep  
>wake up in the early morning  
>sun is just barely coming up  
>can still see the shadows moving around

>they are moving really slow now but no more faces  
>head home

I am not a story teller.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [98]

>Be living in belgium  
>Lower part of it lots of forrest  
>Be living right in front of a forrest  
>Always play in the woods  
>Be playing one particular night with cousin  
>Hear yelling in the distance  
>Go run to house and get my dad  
>Dad gets his rifle and hands me 9mm  
>Go back leave cousin at home  
>Hear yelling again a bit closer now  
>Suddenly half naked women runs towards us  
>A moment after her a dude with no shirt on tries to chase her  
>Dad knocks him out with the riflegrip  
>Calls police  
>Police comes by arrests the dude  
>Never saw him again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [99]

Saratoga area reporting in.

> about 12 or 13 at home with parents having fire  
> asked to get wood from the woods.  
> walk into woods about 25 ft or so  
> hair stands up and look behind me.  
> nothing

> turn back and girl in white dress facing the other direction standing there.  
> Stupidly say hello  
> Turns around with out really moving (wat?)  
> no eyes, mouth hanging open.  
> run away  
>parents tell me story of girl who killed herself.  
> literally piss self.  
> told they were joking about the story  
> bawed

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [100]

>be 15  
>having a secret cigarette in the woods  
>can hear water in the dried out well  
>other noises too  
>sounds like sobbing, maybe words  
>some scratching too  
>obv am 15 and don't believe in ghosts  
>assume it's water and wind and just the general ambient noise of the area  
>months later  
>local news  
>the inquiry as to how an unnamed local boy fell into a well and succumbed to his injuries blah blah blah some kid fell in there, broke his leg, and died of shock and exposure over several days  
>don't know whether to throw something in the well  
>like what? dunno  
>don't avoid well, and don't hear him again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [101]

>be five a.m  
>out side gfs house smoking a cigarette.  
>she lives in woods  
>feel tug at shirt.  
>look down and see little boy.  
>feel really weird, breathing is a little harder, feel cold but not cold, hard to explain.  
>kid staring me in the eyes for what feel like ten seconds then walks off.  
>look down at cigarette, its completely burned down to filter and had burned skin badly.  
>gfs roommate comes home from nursing shift so I ask her if she can medicine me up.  
>she looks at burn and asks why I did this.  
>say I didn't, it just burned me and I threw it down.  
>she says I'm lying and that to get a burn that sever I would've had to hold the ember of the cigarette on my skin for 20 seconds or more.  
>noped all the way home.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [102]

>be 15  
>be in spain  
>ride bike into backwoods  
>stumble into burned out/collapsed building  
>find old journal  
>Figure out it belonged to a plumber who mostly wrote plumbing notes  
>last few pages say something along the lines of being unable to sleep and being extremely paranoid  
>coldsweat.jpg.gif.exe  
>unable to stop thinking about journal  
>next day, go to school  
>come home and notice that the journal is lost  
>ask parents about it

>Say they through it away  
>single strand of spaghetti slides out of eye  
>that feel when you will never know the rest of the story

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [103]

>be 12  
>out camping in the mountains  
>dad was asleep, two bigger brothers wanted to explore  
>it was around 11pm  
>see this tree  
>it felt a little off  
>something about this tree was weird  
>look down at the ground  
>big x carved into the ground  
>suddenly notice the ground is actually stone  
> tell my brothers  
>they disregard it thinking its a joke  
>suddenly the ground starts to shake  
>there is a growl heard under the ground  
>ohgod.jpg  
>terrified  
>we all run away  
>we're lost  
>'m crying  
>my brothers are telling me to shut up  
  
>we end up in the same place  
>dead silence  
>suddenly see dad walk to our location  
>he notices im crying  
>he asks whats wrong  
>my brothers tell him about the growl  
>he goes to the campsite and grabs his rifle  
>we notice there is a trapdoor on the ground  
>my dad tells us to stay

>he opens the trapdoor  
>goes inside for a little  
>suddenly bursts out and tells us to scat

>he tells us to run to the campsite fast  
> have no idea where the campsite is  
>suddenly notice they're all gone  
>WHERE ARE YOU GUYS  
> notice my brother yells "Come on" from ahead  
> run in that direction  
>Since im slower than them, turn around just to get a peek of what we were running away from  
>see a giant mountain lion  
>burst of adrenaline  
>finally get to the campsite  
>get in the car  
>we're all panting, I'm wheezing  
>he starts the car and says "we're leaving everything out here  
>when we got home ask him why he bursted out  
>he says, he saw skulls on the floor  
>we all get chills when we talk about it  
>never go camping again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [104]

>be like 7  
>driving around in Colorado house hunting  
>be in the middle of nowhere  
>stop on the side of the road to go piss  
>walk pretty far into the forestry so no one off the highway can see me piss  
>find a dog kennel big enough to house a bear  
>broken lock laying around  
>blood inside the cage's floor and all over the bars  
>run

Ingrained in my memory forever.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [105]

- >be 12ish
- >woods near house
- >rumors that woods are haunted
- >me and friend go in to the woods and walk around
- >follow trail until we decide to leave
- >walking back
- >start hearing/seeing things
- >shadows disappearing behind trees and such
- >Nope out
- >curiosity gets best of us
- >walking in forest very next day
- >following same path until we come to a giant full grown adult tree in the middle of the trail that wasn't there the day before
- >leave
- >have nightmares for next few nights of a man in the Forrest telling me never to come go there again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [106]

- >be 16
- >be at a school club camping trip during summer
- >walking in the woods
- >we see some weird rocks
- >get closer
- >perfectly symmetrical and geometric shapes
- >a cross in a triangle in a square in a circle
- >oldest girl Giao kicks a rock
- >"you guys are scaredy cats"
- >even though it's summer it gets balls cold, mind you this is

Southern California  
>screw you demon circle

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [107]

For anyone who doesn't know:

>There was a huge civil war in Spain like 80 years ago  
>Overgrowth happened in the ruins  
>Entire cities in ruins are now forests  
>You can see bullet holes everywhere  
>Plus thousands of stories of hauntings and such

Yep, this country is creepy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [108]

There's a town called Belchite.  
It was a huge town with a really big train station and all.

Most of its population died, and now it's just ruins, barely anyone approaches that place anymore.

My literature teacher who is a confirmed atheist once told me that she had been there herself, and that the silence was really oppressive, that she could feel something staring at her through the windows inside the abandoned buildings.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [109]

>When I was 12 or so  
>With a friend walking around town  
>Near the woods see a hole  
>It leads to some stone stairs  
>Go down the stairs into the dark (how did we even dare to do this?)  
>It's a small room, with stone walls  
>Only lit by a faint orange emergency light  
>Books and comics EVERYWHERE, brand new, untouched, it was like a goldmine  
>Grew a few interesting books, get out of there running  
>There was a metal door in that room  
>We didn't even dare to open it  
>Still wonder what was on the other side...

I am seriously tempted to go again and check it out, but I'm much more scared of everything after /x/.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [110]

German here. When I was a child my family lived in Spain (around 1990, nowadays back in Germany).

>One day my older brother and my found a large cave in the mountains near our house (around one hour walk from our house)  
>The cave entrance was totally overgrown and probably unknown to most of the people in our village  
>We asked a neighbour, who was a hunter and knew the area. He told us, that he knew the cave, but have never been inside it  
>Another day my brother and me (both teenagers back then) prepared for a cave exploring tour, with flashlights and stuff  
>guess what we found deep in the darkness of the cave:  
>a human skull, although no other bones  
>we're creeped, run home.  
>didn't tell our parents  
>a few days later we got back to the cave and my brother grapped that skull.

>never told our parents, never told the police  
>nowadays, 23 years later, my brother still has that skull in a small locked box in his apartment  
>still creeps me when I'm writing this. Maybe we should give the dead one a rest in peace.

And regarding to the Spanish civil war, I think the dead was one of the victims of that war. Although I have no clue why the other bones were gone (animals?).

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [111]

Not personal , but happened where I live

>1969  
>we Soviets now  
>one of our army units (they were guarding ammunition warehous) is stationed in forest which is known to be inhabited by Celts in past , you can still see ruins of their oppidums there  
>one night sound of guns being fired can be heard from forest  
>next morning another unit that was supposed to replace old unit find 5 totally mangled soldiers , 1 seriously wounded but still breathing  
>they try to interrogate him in hospital , he speaks only gibberish and later succumbs to his wounds

That forest also got big history of suicides and people who went there generally feel afraid and nervous for some reason.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [112]

I've only really been in the woods like three times in my life, so I don't have any creepy experiences, but this sure scared the crap

out of me.

>be like 10 staying in a cabin up in the mountains with friend and her family  
>her older brother takes us out on a snipe hunt  
>we're looking around in bushes calling for them like idiots, going deeper into the [completely unfamiliar] forest as we go  
>hear footsteps approaching  
>we freeze and look  
>it's a group of 4-5 stray mountain dogs  
>we all bolt  
>they chase us because we ran like idiots  
>we barely keep ahead of them through the forest  
>try finding a tree to climb, no luck  
>trip on ivy like 'm in the goddamn movies  
>pretty much lost  
>we've partially split up by this point  
>eventually find the street that leads to the cabin  
>we end up regrouping  
>bang on the door to be let in  
>welp, not going out into the woods like THAT again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [113]

>Be 16  
>Only girl in group  
>Don't want to be the only one not to go to creepy radar base in the woods  
>follow guys down really long road  
>crawl in through a vent, light something on fire  
>Go to bottom floor  
>Most of the bottom floor is flooded, now frozen over because it's winter  
>Skate around on ice  
>Find out people used to hide bodies in the basement  
>Hear footsteps upstairs

>Start crying  
>Leave as quickly as possible  
>Get arrested at the end of the path for trespassing and destroying private property  
>Turns out at least 4 people have died there before

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [114]

>be in high school  
>friends like to hang out and camp in a marsh/woods  
>a railroad track goes through the marsh  
>there's a tunnel under the track in one spot  
>friend finds a box filled with photographs of children  
>we find an old crossing guard sign a few hundred feet away off the trail

I assume it was some traveling hobo that rode the rails and molested children along the way. It's not paranormal, but it's damn disturbing.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [115]

>be age 11/12  
>walking through woods in my backyard with my brother, one year older  
>hear branches cracking behind us  
>turn around, see nothing.  
>difuq wasthat.txt  
>quickly ignore it, continue walking  
>moments later hear a very loud (as if in close proximity) blood-curdling scream

>WHAT THE HAY M8

>NOPENOPEBACKHOME.exe

True story. Not sure what was going on, BUT I NEVER WENT BACK OUT THERE.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [116]

>Many years ago  
>Living in a very small town in Ontario, Canada  
>Very small population, surrounded by forest  
>Go exploring one evening out of boredom, walk in unknown forests for hours, even after it gets dark  
>Not too worried, chill, it's nice out  
>Come across fence, about 10ft tall and barbed wire on the top  
>Look into the distance, through the trees make out a house-like shape with faint lights in the windows  
>Walk the fence line for a while, find the corner and keep following it  
>Realize I'm much closer to the house than before  
>Hear something behind me, turn to look  
>Silent for about a minute, then hear the same sound again, like someone walking  
>Turn, and jump back from the fence  
>There's a person pressed up against the fence, a deranged look on their face and an unnaturally large smile  
>I stare for a good 30 seconds, not sure what to do  
>Suddenly thing on the other side of the fence starts to climb in  
>Movement also look weird, very choppy and unnatural  
>Turn and run out of there  
>Run all the way back to town and home  
>Lock doors and cover all windows with curtains  
>Never go back there again

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [117]

Here's a story. I'm on a phone so I'm not going to green text. It will take too long.

Be 13 in northeast idaho  
Desert mountain sand is hard to walk on  
With friend, his mom, and his dog  
Him, I, and his dog go our own way  
We walk through area that ways burned in a forest fire  
We find a pentagram with bones in it  
Around it are the ancient burial ground placed underground then stones placed all over it so animals can't get to remains

Freaky  
Its starts to get cold even though its the middle of summer so 105F?+  
His dog starts to go crazy  
NOPE.jpg  
Run out of there  
Find his mom  
She says its time to leave.  
Weird.jpg we just got here.  
We leave  
Hour away she says she saw a black dog. Like a hell hound type thing with red eyes.  
Never been back.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [118]

>be about 12  
>be early morning walking about to the bus stop  
>going to school  
>half mile walk  
>walk up with neighbor who is a few years older

> walk around some trees the the drive way and meet him standing there to walk the rest  
>pitch black early morning  
>hear noise  
>wut.jpg  
>nothing in the woods here  
>really really loud noise that sounded like a half human half lion half bear hybrid  
>holycrap.png  
>sound came from 20 feet into the brush just walked past  
>jump and run half mile up the driveway to the bus stop  
>never talked about it again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [119]

>Be 12  
>On class trip to forest with WWII bunkers.  
>See a sealed bunker with a solid metal door and a small barred opening.  
>Completely dark inside  
>Decide to pick up a stick and stick it in between the bars  
>Something pulls on the stick from inside  
>nope.jpg  
>Run back to classmates and never speak of it.

This forest is nearby where I live, and I plan to go check it out sometimes soon, not sure I have the balls to go very far into the bunkers though.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [120]

>be 10 or so  
>move into new house right on the edge of forrest, (I live in a real

dense, oregon town.)

>new school, new friends tell me they always thought the house was creepy, but were never in it.

>move in, shady, pretty spacious but very dirty and sort-of broken down

>my room, of course, creepy, older brother and I slept in attic space, no doors and one small window each.

>first night hear footsteps.... must be nothing.

>next night hear more.

>more etc.

>one night, through the darkness I thought I saw a figure through my doorspace

>WHAT

>Tells brother the next day, he makes fun of me and my dad says it's nothing.

>Next day, father late from work, brother not out of school yet.

>hear blood-curtling scream from my room upstairs

>torn between running upstairs to look and leaving the house with lightning speed

>chose flight response, being 10.

>see the blanket set over my window start to flap, like its being tugged on.

>spend night at friends house for the next week, refused to live there for another year.

True story, still makes me hate my town.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [121]

> be in my late 20s

> walking on a trail around a reservoir

> late afternoon in spring so the light is weird

> no cars in parking lot, dead quiet

> crazy looking guy suddenly crashes out of woods

> flip out

> strides straight toward me  
> brandish my hiking staff, he ignores me  
> eyes drill straight into me  
> he starts interrogating me  
> "what did you see? were you following me?!"  
> see bags over his shoulders, realize he's a shroom hunter  
> tell him come there all the time to do artwork and sketching  
and can prove it  
> tell him about a pine cone spiral made and show him where  
it is  
> end up making a campfire  
> drink beers had in my trunk all evening and he tells me cool  
stories about when he was in 'nam  
> found out later he went to prison, died there  
> got me in the feels  
> still see him walking in the woods sometimes

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [122]

>be me  
>be hiking in woods near train tracks  
>off trail hiking  
>deep off trail after 30 minutes  
>run into a bunch of decapitated mannequins assembled in a  
straight line

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [123]

>dad and I walking in woods near our house  
>find a torn up backpack, camping gear, and a couple of articles  
of clothes in a part of the woods near the road  
>inside the backpack we find a couple journals filled with  
nonsensical seemingly religious writings along with some

topographic/mathematical sketches

- >we also find some maps and a few pictures of a woman
- >we look at the torn up cloths nearby and they appear to have blood stains on them
- >when we get back to the house Dad calls the police to let them know about it
- >they say they'll investigate it but they never end up doing it
- >go back to the same place a few years later and can't find it

The stuff being torn up was obviously due to animals and the blood stains could have been something else but the entire thing still seems very strange. Why would some religious nutjob be hiking in the woods along a road in upstate New York/suddenly decide to leave all his equipment and cloth behind? I still regret not taking those journals.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [124]

- >Be 12
- >In my town's forest reserve
- >Walk through a field of young pine trees all at eye level
- >Goes on for ages
- >Reach a swamp
- >About to turn back when I notice a path
- >Follow a series of wooden planks over the water
- >Reach the bottom of a steep hill
- >Climb it, peer over the top down to a clearing
- >See a row of chicken wire around the clearing
- >Dirty tools all over the place
- >Crap everywhere
- >Dugout in roots of massive tree, looks like a tunnel
- >About to investigate
- >Hear family calling
- >As I turn to leave I hear rustling behind me
- >Run away

Probably some old hobo, but who knows. There's something about the woods.

Awhile later-

- >Be 14
- >Feel like exploring new house's backyard with acre of woods
- >Waits until nighttime
- >Makes a torch out of cloth and pine sap
- >Lights it, proceeds to edge of backyard and enters woods
- >Can only see three feet in each direction
- >Through the dense thicket until I reach a field of dead plants
- >Everything else is alive and green, these plants all dead, yellow
- >Carry on through this mysterious field
- >Reach a river
- >Turn back
- >Torch burns out, hadn't noticed it was running low
- >Uh-oh

Well, that is all. I also found this cool ring in my backyard, brought it inside to examine later. Came back and it was no where to be found. Asked my entire family, all looked at me funny when they saw how paranoid I was getting for losing a ring.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [125]

- >be a couple months ago
- >be wandering through the woods behind my retention pond with friends
- >deep in the woods at this point
- >hear a honk, like a bicycle horn
- >aim our flashlight in the direction of the honk
- >see a clearing with a humanoid creature standing in the middle of it
- >louder honk
- >we bolt out of there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [126]

>be 12 or 13  
>taking usual walk in the woods because I live on some open farm  
>talking to my friend on the phone  
>my phone dies most likely because I didn't charge it  
>I look up and see some freaky floating thing roughly 40 meters in the air  
>flip out because I can't tell anyone  
>run home  
>nobody believes me

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [127]

>Be 10-11  
>In Pennsylvania  
>Woods everywhere  
>Taking a walk one day  
>Foggy out  
>See something on the ground in the distance  
>Get closer to investigate  
>Something...roundish?  
>Pick it up  
>Rotten flesh colored porcelain head  
>Face distorted into an anguished expression; eyes shut in pain  
>NOBODY LIVES IN THOSE WOODS  
>Run home, cry

I get chills when I think about that thing.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [128]

>On a field trip to an old war base in Oregon  
>Place is huge and in the middle of a forest  
>Atmosphere is heavy and creepy  
>Guide leads class through a section of the building that's lined with doors  
>The doors have large viewing widows  
>Stop to look in one  
>The entire room is flooded with this awful black water  
>Boxes and other debris floating around  
>Think it's weird but move on  
>Look back and see teacher look in same room  
  
>Later, I ask her why the room was flooded  
>She just stares at me and says that the room was empty and dry  
>No water source for miles  
>wat

Never figured it out, but it's still weird to me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [129]

>be 16  
>bored  
>go exploring the woods by self because bored  
>broad daylight so not that particularly dangerous or sp00ky  
>deep in the woods  
>trekking through somewhat thick forestation, long since having abandoned the paths  
>find small, improvised campsite  
>full backpack, sleeping bag, and a few wrappers lying around  
>be respectful as to not rummage through someone's things while they're away  
>week later

>bored again, go back 'xplorin the woods s'more  
>find spot again  
>stuff soaking wet from the rainstorm a few days earlier  
>come back a month later because bored again  
>find spot yet again  
>backpack has clearly been rummaged through; clothes, papers and packets of food thrown about the small campsite  
    >flip phone in the dirt, screen cracked and not working (I tried to see if I could call myself on it)  
    >sleeping bag has dirty shoemarks all over it  
    >clearly someone who wasn't the owner found the site  
    >get bored of the woods not much later, having pretty much memorized the entire area  
    >stop going back

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [130]

Although I haven't been many places, I vote VA. Literally, everywhere you go in the woods, you find weird stuff. Kind of lame example:

>Be out walking in the woods in the tiny hick town my grandmother's from  
>So close to North Carolina you can actually wander into North Carolina  
>Find random beautiful cottage in the woods  
>Doors are nailed shut and I'm not feeling breaking in  
>Look in the windows  
>Beautiful old furniture and wall art covered in dust and sheets  
>Looks like it hasn't been touched since the 40's or 50's.  
>Tiny cemetery in the back  
>So beautiful and weird and perfect I am literally overcome with emotion and I almost cry

Few years later, after my grandma died...

>My dad and I are visiting the town again

>Dad wants to take me to the house my grandmother was born and raised in until she was 12 and married my grandpa to escape crappy mean step-family  
>walking in the woods  
>see the same cottage from before  
>"Dad, I found this cottage before!"  
>looks the exact same  
>"Anon, this is the house your grandmother was born in."

So weird. My great grandmother and some great aunts who died when they were babies were buried in the backyard.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [131]

I Live in central Canada, city is divided by a river that has many hiking/biking trails along it.

>be 13  
>bored on a hot summer day  
>decide to go biking along the river with 2 buddies  
>all of us having a good time  
>start getting real deep into the trees  
>lots of rain the past week  
>turn on to trail  
>random bike from the 80's parked there blow it off as if an indian left it there  
>ride trail for a few more feet  
>stop because water is starting to cover entire trail  
>look up see an old man standing in ankle deep water staring at us  
>pedal as hard as possible away  
>regroup at the top of the trail  
>still spooked about it to this day

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [132]

Jersey has some really freaky woods - speaking from experience. I live in the rural farmlands and crazy stuff happens all the time in the mountains and fields

>be 16  
>winter, cold, recently snowed  
>hanging with two friends, bored  
>11pm, decide to wander into woods on outskirts of neighborhood  
>bring cameras for teh lulz  
>travel along ATV paths, goofing off and videotaping "scary" stuff for fun  
>reach old quarry, throw rocks at ice and stuff for a while  
>start hearing weird noises, don't really care at first  
>continue goofing and videotaping  
>heading back, around 12:30 now  
>suddenly loud screaming noises, really high-pitched  
>nope.jpg  
>turn around and there's a glow in the distance through the trees  
>light starts moving, realize its a flashlight  
>screeching suddenly gets louder, whatever has the flashlight starts sprinting at an inhuman speed towards us  
>nope out of there, climbing over fallen trees and through dense brush  
>still getting chased  
>recording the whole time  
>finally pop out the other side of the woods, light and screeching fades as we run down a street in this random unfamiliar neighborhood  
>run through streets for who knows how long, somehow get back home  
>all cut up from running for life in the woods  
>try and check out video footage, no picture and crackled, messed up audio  
>haven't gone back since

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [133]

>be 16  
>my friend, my girlfriend, and I decide to go explorin'  
>visit creepy, small village near our town  
>surrounded by woods  
>park in church parking lot  
>not a sound in the village  
>feels like no in is even there  
>dark empty feeling  
>explore woods around the cemetery cause it's creepy  
>suddenly, giant hill  
>climb up hill  
>have to help each other because it's so steep  
>one tree on top of hill, surrounded by sticker bush  
>make way through sticker bush  
>red fern out of nowhere  
>next to fern, a headstone  
>I read it aloud  
>"MARTHA McFALLAN"  
>....  
>"CONDEMNED WITCH"  
>"AXED TO DEATH"  
>.....  
>wind stops  
>VERY eerie  
>girlfriend suddenly lets out an extremely loud, blood curdling scream  
>she begins to book it out of there, tumbles down hill  
>friend and I are right behind her  
>make it to car, we take off and proceed to go 75 in a 20 until we get back to town  
>ask her why she screamed  
>gets silent  
>"a hand grabbed my ankle..."  
>never even go to that village again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [134]

>be 10 or so  
>Hiking with neighbor in the woods  
>a few miles away from house  
>off some logging trail that goes off from the top of driveway  
>wayoutthere  
>gone off old logging trail and walked into woods  
>flat area that is all trees but worn down or shallow dirt  
>can walk around but nobody has been there forever  
>walk up to a massive rock in the middle of the woods  
>all the trees seemed to be evenly spaced apart  
>about 8 feet apart  
>plenty of light  
>big rock sitting there and not knowing where it came from  
>it was about 15 ft tall and 9 ft wide and was round  
>made of what seemed to be concrete

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [135]

>be in high school  
>astronomy class has mandatory star-watching dates that meet at a big park that's in the woods  
>be driving there one night  
>park stretches for miles and on either side is wooded area  
>go down wrong trail  
>get lost  
>driving on dirt trails in the middle of the night  
>driving without seeing a paved road for a while  
>turn a corner  
>headlights shine on six cloaked figures standing in a circle  
>can't tell what's in circle

>all turn and stare at me  
>slowly move towards car  
>back out drive away  
>finally find my way out, freaking out  
>I took a zero for those star parties

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [136]

> Be 17, recently picked up two girls at a party  
> Friend suggests we go to the woods, make up a scary story and creep them out a bit  
> Arrive at the edge of the woods, exit car, start walking into the dark  
> Friend starts talking about a WW2 refugee camp and how the people who died there were just tossed into mass graves  
> Arrive at an old rusty fence with barbed wire  
> nope.rtf  
> Friend says we take turns and walk alone to the end of that fence and use one of the girls' lip gloss to mark the name on the last fence-pole.  
> I go first (macho.3gp)  
> Walk what seems like a mile or two, approach last fence-pole  
> blackout  
> Wake up in hospital two days later with a spinal injury, resulting from a stabwound to the upper back"  
> Paraplegic since then.  
> Police were canvassing the woods for weeks, found nothing but my name written in lip gloss at a fence-pole.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [137]

>16  
>Living in south Ontario, maybe half an hour from Toronto.

>Friends coming down to my house, finally arrive, missing the jackets and shaking.

>they tell me that they took a short cut through a well known 'odd' place in town.

>They were being chased, say their coats were slowing them down.

>Decide to go there packing flashlights, we also haved clubs with spikes in my basement (I'm a screwed up kid)

>Go to the location.

>NOTHING BUT DOLLS.

>There are all these charred up dolls all over this part in the forest, some of them are large and wearing my buddies jackets.

>See some sort of rundown building in the back.

>the door starts to shake, like someone is casually trying to open it.

>By now, my dinner is already spewing out of my body.

>Run away like a zebra bein chased by a robotic laser shooting lion.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [138]

>be 16

>out in the woods shooting rabbits with a bow and arrows

>stumble across the ruined foundations of an old building

>notice that it has a cellar entrance

>open it and peak inside

>everything is in pristine condition

>head back home after wimping out

>on my way home one of the arrows that I lost zips past my head and hits a tree

>nope my way back home and never go out there again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [139]

>be 20-ish  
>backpacking trip in Joshua Tree with Dad  
>its like a reunion after having been moved out for a couple years.  
>driving through town, laughing at all the new age-y "magic" stores and healing centers.  
>be super christian at the time  
>hike into the wilderness and set up camp by some huge rocks as sun is setting.  
>explore around our home for the night, find a huge altar made out of large crystals and little bowls at base.  
>remember new age stores in town (they sell quartz and hematite and all sorts of crystals)  
>shrug it off, and it is too dark to look for a new site.  
>"I don't believe in magic", so I sleep in the circle of stones by altar.

We are laughing about it.

>tired and fall asleep instantly  
>snap wide awake for no reason.  
>clear skies, moon is bright, can see everything  
>it is silent  
>hear scuffling and footsteps by packs  
>flashlight to packs, nothing there.  
>footsteps by sleeping dad, NOTHING THERE  
>something runs BEHIND me and there's nowhere for anyone to hide as I turn around.  
>don't sleep all night, continue to hear movement, praying its just animals but we haven't seen anything.  
>morning, tell dad  
>doesn't believe me  
>I don't know what to believe anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

I got one.

>be 13

>live surrounded by fields and woods behind house  
>backyard is two acres of trees no underbrush  
>be 11pm and very dark  
>hanging with cousins on the back porch after family reunion with  
only porch light on  
>full moon out  
>talking with two cousins about pussy and sex because we are 13  
yr old faggots  
>cousin says he isn't afraid of anything out of nowhere  
>Oh really?  
>I turn off the porch light tell cousins to watch the trees  
>cousins agree  
>everything goes silent no wind no bugs no nothing  
>in moon light we see shadow people slowly emerging from the  
trees at least 10 of them  
>eyes glowing green or red  
>shadows slowly walking to the porch  
>cousins scared out of their minds can't move  
>shadows are less then three feet from porch  
>I flip on the light shadows vanish  
>both cousins run like hell  
>sigh and follow them

I miss that old house.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [141]

>inna woods  
>lost track of time, darkness falling  
>rustling inna bushes thirty, forty yards behind me  
>probably a squirrel, little guys are loud  
>keep walking towards family's rented cabin  
>wait those sure sound like footsteps

>stop suddenly, my follower is split-second too slow and I hear his out-of-synch footstep  
>shout; "PISS OFF!"  
>turn to keep walking  
>instant my back is turned, it rushes at me  
>DRAW  
>MAGDUMP  
>RUN LIKE LIL' SAMBO WITH WHITE LADY'S PURSE IN HAND  
>stop a good half-mile away, winded  
>slap spare magazine into gun  
>something rustling inna bushes hears me rack the slide and runs off so fast it sounds like a man on a bike tearing through the underbrush  
>glimpse shadow moving extremely fast, very vaguely humanoid

Whatever it was, it kept up with me for a half-mile of flat-out running, then hid in the bushes without even breathing hard to give itself away. And THEN it moved faster than an Olympic sprinter. But strangest of all? It didn't care that I emptied 8 bullets in its direction earlier, and only bugged out when it realized I had reloads.

I don't know what it is, but don't screw around in the woods of Northern Michigan.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [142]

>Be 10ish  
>Be driving in the north woods Minnesota  
>Winter, about to go dog sledding  
>Driving with my momma through the woods to sledding place  
>Pass some people in a car, they look weirded out  
>Very small, woodsie road, funny we would see anyone, but they did not seem suspicious  
>Round a bend, mom exclaims and hits brakes  
>Dude is literally sitting in his whitey tighties at the side of the

road, criss-cross applesauce  
>Slowly pass him, mom is all like wtf  
>He just stares like no biggy  
>mfw he looked a lot like jesus

Friggin' woods.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [143]

Not paranormal, but creepy.

>Around 2010, was 20.  
>At a disco in another city, it's around 0.00, friends decide to leave early. I decided to stay w/o friends.  
>At around 3:00, get in Trouble with some dudes, they're chasing me out of the disco, I run for my life out of the city.  
>Trying to call friends for picking me up, all at sleep...  
>Drunk, didn't call a taxi, have to walk around 25km.  
>Only road home is ~15km through a forest.  
>Start walking on the road, everything is dark, no moon.  
>just in front of the forest, power of my mobile phone is gone, light goes out.  
>See nothing. Just darkness from hell.  
>I'm going to die if I walk 15km through that forest without any light in complete darkness.  
>Screw that  
>Walking 4 hours through that dark forest without any light  
>out of the forest, sun raises  
>stillaliveyeah.png

Next week, same disco.

>Leaving, driving home the same road.  
>Same damn dark night, just my car lights allows me to see something.  
>Driving through the forest

>saw a guy sitting on the side of the road in the middle of the forest  
>that guy's just sitting there, watching the ground  
>Glad I was in the car this time

Maybe he was just tripping balls on acid or shrooms.

But imagine that guy would be sitting there in the week I was walking.

>Walking through dark forest  
>creepy stranger sitting in front of you  
>hell no.png

Still freaking me out thinking about that.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [144]

>GF and I go hiking in woods while on vaccation.  
>take older trail.  
>hour down old trail smell weird smell  
>recognize it as rot  
>I look for source of smell, could be a body  
>come across 4 dead cats arranged like a compass, one stone in the middle of them.  
>eyes gouged out with twigs in the sockets.  
>NOPE back to trail with GF  
>get too trail, wild hole appears  
>fell into hole, get out as fast as possible  
>Arm sore, GF later noticed it was bleeding badly.  
>check for what could've cut me in/around hole... find nothing.  
>being a girl, I got pissed because I love the shirt  
>take it off when home to check it out  
>4 deep cuts, looks like a animal clawed me.  
>NOOPENOPENOPE.jpg all night

Still got the scars, never going back that way ever again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [145]

- > be 14
- > in the woods with brother
- > see a random woman in a white robe
- > turn to brother to tell what I've seen
- > look back she is only a meter away from us
- > how the...
- > asks us if we want to come with her to see them
- > "Who is them?"
- > "You will see."
- > NOPE
- > return home and watch art attack

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [146]

- >10 years old
- >out exploring the woods behind my house
- >extremely cold, snow on ground
- >about a half mile away from my backyard
- >find a clearing that doesn't really have much snow at all in it
- >two incredibly tall trees in the middle of the clearing
- >in between the two trees is a net of barbed wire, resembling a metallic spider web
- >what looks like a chunk of dead skin hanging from it, can't tell if human
- >get scared
- >start to run home
- >at the edge of the clearing my foot sinks into a mudhole
- >pry foot loose, lost my boot in the hole
- >run all the way home

>mom gets pissed at me and has me go out there the next day to  
find my boot  
>never find the clearing

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [147]

>be 6-7  
>be camping in Louisiana with parents/cub scouts  
>be dark (inb4 edgy)  
>walking to a campfire with parents through a less used trail  
>I complain enough to be allowed to carry flashlight  
>trip on root or something but don't fall down  
>accidentally the flashlight  
>see dark silouhet of something right off the trail in front of us  
>looked like a slender, short body, larger head  
>looked like alien  
>nope.jpg  
>start crying/freaking out until dad gets flashlight back on  
>nothing there  
>parents didn't see anything

Probably wasn't anything there but it sure did scare me. Still not sure how the flashlight just went out, the button was still on which is why I couldn't get it back on.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [148]

> Inna woods with best friend in middle of summer  
> climbing up forested mountainside  
> moss and trees everywhere having fun  
> get ahead of him and stop to wait  
> suddenly filled with inexplicable terror  
> hyper-ventilating, shaking, feel paralyzed

> turn to run back down mountain  
> see friend already running and take off after him  
> never did figure out what happened  
> he just said he was suddenly terrified and ran too

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [149]

>be 6 or 7  
>riding bike up the street to the entrance of a forest  
>notice a missing dog sign posted on a telephone pole placed near the forest entrance  
>sudden stimulated by an intense fear, literally terrified for my life for no good reason  
>bike as fast as I can back home  
>get into the house and mom is hysterically asking what was wrong because I apparently had an extremely terrified expression on my face

For some reason whenever I think about that time and even as I write this I begin to tear up. I have a feeling that my memories of this event are intertwined with some sort of repression.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [150]

This happened to me 35 years ago.

>be 15  
>walking down the road with trees on either side of it  
>going home from a friends house  
>Hear a deep whistle coming from the forest  
>Stop a shine my flashlight in the direction of the sound  
>See I tall hairy like creature staring at me from an opening in the woods

>It smelled worse than a skunk  
>It walks out into the road towards me  
>NOPE  
>ran all the way home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [151]

>Walking in woods with my father  
>There is a path and such  
>As we near a wooden bridge see a black modern car behind us  
and step to the side  
>Car is gone  
>Ask father  
>"Was it an old style car?"  
>"No, it was a new one."  
>"Oh, okay."

No explanation. Certainly no person was driving a car in that Area.  
Still walk there today, doubt a car would even fit (Path is pretty  
crappy, level, but possibly not wide enough, with a river to the  
side)

## [Contributor also posted Nope General 901]

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [152]

Here is a story my dad told me that happened to him.

Dad was hiding from the cops(has a horrible history with the law)  
in Wetumka, Oklahoma,(that's where he grew up as a kid and  
knew the woods there like the back of his hand). His car is parked  
in a clearing in the woods,he heard what sounded like a police  
siren so he got out of his car and started to run into the

woods, after a couple of seconds he noticed it sounded like something was following him.

He stopped running and stood completely still, and the sound stopped. He started to walk and it sounded like something was following him again, so he tore all the way back to his car, and he told me that when he was running back to his car it sounded like the thing that was following him was gaining on him.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [153]

- > Hiking Long Trail with friend
- > First night
- > Me in tent, friend in hammock
- > Top of mountain
- > Buzzing noise begins
- > Low humming noise takes over
- > Sounds of something hovering around
- > Hear twigs snapping nearby
- > Terrified at this point
- > Go in sleeping bag in tent
- > double anti-spooky protection
- > make it to morning alive

I was worried my friend was gonna get abducted.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [154]

- >be male
- >be 19 4 years ago
- >no job
- >want to apply for job on a farm like 4 mile from my house
- >ride my bike there

>very rural area  
>ride through woods  
>after like half a mile there's a huge clearing, like really really huge, about 600 yards in diameter  
>slowly riding on the street, just chilling, it's a bit cold  
>catch glimpse of something to my left  
>turn head left  
>at the edge of the woods about 100yards away see something running  
>what the hell is that  
>looks like a dog or wolf but more like 7 feet tall, running on all 4 legs  
>wasn't really running  
>more like hovering because I couldn't see its legs from that distance thanks to a small mound in front of the woods (see pic related)  
>it was really fast, like 40mph  
>NOPE home and cancel job interview

The largest animals we have here that look like that are foxes. I still don't know what I saw on that day. And no, it was 100% not a horse, horses don't move like that.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [155]

>think we're tough, going to "haunted" places  
>enter "haunted forest", 12pm, took about 2 weeks to convince my best friend to enter  
>get about 100 meters in, scared as hell, brought flashlights and airsoft guns  
>keep hearing noises, thumps and other unnatural things to hear in a forest  
>I shout "If anyones there, give us a sign!"  
>Hear screaming, sounds like it's coming straight at us at a rapid pace

We ran, we ran so fast, we ran past my house, we kept running, I think I half pissed myself that day. Haven't and will not go back there, nope.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [156]

When I was a kid I played in the woods behind my house a lot. On one occasion I found a copy of The Satanic Bible by Anton Lavey, but that's another story.

>Be like 10  
>Exploring in the woods  
>Go deeper than ever before  
>Find the charred ruins of a barn with some bones and stuff around it  
>Look around and see a stream flowing nearby  
>Decide to come back tomorrow because it's getting late  
>Use pocket knife to mark trees so I can find the barn again  
>Tomorrow comes, follow tree markings back to the area  
>It's gone, there was never a clearing there with a burned barn

I swear I searched for it all day, I didn't find the stream or anything no matter how far or which direction I walked.

Has anyone else had something like that happen to them?  
Mysterious places in the woods just vanishing?

As for the Satanic Bible story:

>Different woods, near grandparent house  
>Roughly 11 years old  
>Exploring swampy woods  
>Start hearing someone playing a flute  
>Follow the sound of music for like 20 minutes  
>End up in a small clearing with a brand new copy of The Satanic Bible in the center of it.

I looked at it then noped out of there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [157]

### **[In response to the above.]**

Yes, that's happened to me before, coincidentally my story also involved an abandoned building.

>Be hiking in Vermont  
>Very familiar with the terrain—I've seen every inch of those woods  
>Suddenly notice a ruined shack  
>Never saw it before, never saw it again

Makes me wonder what would have happened if I spent the night in that part of the woods. Where would I have ended up?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [158]

>hiking off the blue ridge parkway  
>about 20 miles from mount mitchell  
>start hearing whispers and faint laughing  
>figure it is just some other hikers  
>decide today I will be a jerk  
>trying to figure out where the noise is coming from  
>the whispers are getting louder but they are just sounding like wind not people talking  
>come across a river  
>sun is setting  
>seeing points of light across the water through the woods  
>intradested

>wade through to see what is going on  
>5 tents set up in a big clearing with at least a 5 foot fire pit right in the middle  
>see one person dressed in a green robe walking around the clearing  
>starting to nope a little  
>hear actual talking coming from across the woods  
>a dozen and half people walk out all wearing the same robes  
>pee a little and hunker down  
>they set a fire and start chanting  
>not really getting dem bad vibes like I'm about to become the demons or my skeleton is pooping out  
>they are just chanting and swaying a little  
>people start sitting down  
>it ends unclimatically  
>sneak away  
>decide to make camp a quarter mile up river  
>early morning  
>wake up and hear something walking around my camp  
>figure it is just a coon  
>grab rifle in case of big cat  
>2 of them looking around  
>ask them what they are doing here and what last night was about  
>they are the typical friendly hippies and say it was a druid thing  
>find out where they are and meet up with them every few months

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [159]

>Be 12  
>With friend in woods behind development  
>Find dead bird missing its head  
>lol  
>find two more birds more mutilated than the first

>kind of weird, but blame stray cats or something  
>Later that summer, start finding carcasses of larger animals like groundhogs, squirrels, etc, all destroyed like the birds - usually find one each time we go into woods  
>Nope after the third or fourth one  
>Get our arsenal of pocket knives and pellet guns and go back into woods feeling like Marines  
>explore farther than we've ever gone, way out of sight of houses  
>environment starts to get silent, no animal noise  
>come upon a HUGE excavation that was not done by humans. Like an inverted cone twenty feet down, fresh earth in places, ending in a large hole at the bottom point of the cone  
>NOPE.jpg.wav, book it back to civilization  
>talk about how the site was similar to insect/spider burrows  
>never go back to woods, but still kind of disappointed we didn't actually encounter anything.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [160]

Mountain biking.

>sun starts going down  
>had lost track of time  
>trying to bike in the dark  
>I'm on a trail in the wood  
>set up my cellphone as a ghetto flashlight.  
>Better then nothing  
>Stop for a minute to readjust  
>feel like I'm being watched  
>all the sudden in the woods behind me hear SNAP  
>not like a rabbit snap. like a person or a bear  
>too afraid too turn around  
>Get on bike  
>Tear out even tho I can't really see anything  
>felt creeped out all the way back home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [161]

>camping with dad and brother innawoods  
>always hear weird stories about the woods we're staying in  
>sitting around the fire drinking and screwing around  
>weird stuff rustling around in the trees, figure it's just animals  
>the next morning there's two dead birds on either side of my brothers sleeping bag  
>he's in a tent  
>one of the stakes on my tent has been replaced with a large knife  
>tires on my truck are slashed  
>all of the weapons have been removed from the cab of the truck  
>seats are cut open  
>no signs of forced entry into the truck  
>the keys are still in my tent  
>Whatthehell.jpg  
>screw camping  
>get a friend to bring us some spare tires  
>go home

The scariest part about this is that they were in all of our tents at some point and we didn't wake up. It gives me chills just thinking about it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [162]

>be 9 or 10  
>go over to childhood friends house to hang out for the day with my older brother  
>friend lives in a very rural part of town with deep forests and tons of abandoned barns and some houses  
>decide to go exploring

>yes I love exploring  
>in the woods for a good 45 minutes to an hour  
>end up stumbling upon a really old, rusted and abandoned fifth wheel with a bunch of junk just pouring out of the front door (books, toys, pictures and what not)  
>friend starts picking up the photos and looking at them  
>glance over to friend and see him staring at a couple photos with a disgusted/scared look on his face  
>ask him whats wrong  
>says, "come look at these"  
>older brother and I walk start walking towards him  
>before we get close enough to him we hear a loud male voice screaming  
>immediately start running faster then I've ever ran out of the fifth wheel and towards the direction of his house  
>make it back to the house  
>all out of breath  
>I'm kind of nervously laughing  
>brother asks him what he saw on the photos  
>said they were pictures of naked kids with fat dudes sitting around them  
>get a sick feeling in my stomach  
>didn't tell parents  
>ended up going home early that day

Never talked to him about for years until a couple months ago and he still seemed freaked out about it. We're both 19 now. Maybe not nope worthy, but it still gives me chills when I think about it sometimes.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [163]

>bored with friends one night  
>decide to go hunting for the Jersey Devil  
>we don't actually believe in JD but it gives us an excuse to wander around the Pine Barrens late at night

>drive down to south Jersey, bring a gun just in case of Pineys  
>wander around in the woods for a while  
>friend stops dead in his tracks, staring into the trees  
>two big cat eyes are reflecting off of his flashlight  
>contemplate running  
>a LOUD growl comes from its direction that most definitely did not sound like a bear, but we didn't know what it was  
>back up slowly, no need to give this thing a reason to chase us  
>it follows us slowly  
>just gotta get back to the car...  
>it jumps out of the trees  
>PANIC  
>run, didn't even get a good look at it  
>everyone runs, the thing gives chase  
>reach car  
>it's gone, like it was never there at all

nope.mov all the way home.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [164]

>be last year  
>go on kayak camping trip with a few bros  
>we're in the middle of nowhere camped on the bank of the river  
>we cook food and have a nice fire going, typical camping stuff  
>this is night 2 of what was to be an 8 night trip  
>laying in tent  
>hear raccoons running around our camp site eating what we left laying out  
>something starts pushing down on my tent  
>think its a coon  
>swat at it to get it off  
>doesn't get off  
>yell to try and scare it  
>doesn't get off  
>now I'm pissed

>kick with all my might  
>whatever my foot hit was as solid as a rock and didn't budge  
>NOPE  
>things leaves out the loudest scream you've ever heard and its like a foot away  
>friends start screaming "what the hell, what the hell"  
>I yell back for them to not leave their tents  
>hear thunderous footsteps as it runs back into the woods  
>none of us made a noise the rest of the night but I now no one slept  
>as soon as there was a little sunlight we packed up and went home

It took us 2 days to get where we were, and 1 day to get out.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [165]

> in forest  
> rumored to be haunted  
> go to it alone just for fun  
> step into forest  
> here clear knocking on tree  
> search forest, still knocking, no one in site  
> no animals in site  
> walk out of forest, knocking stops  
> back in starts again  
> do this 6 times  
> laugh nervously but nope outta there  
> that night I had a dream about this man telling me he's the spirit of the forest telling to stay out of his forest because humans have damaged it to much  
> wtf?  
>go back there one day with a video camera alone, while friends wait.  
> see nothing  
>start saying mean stuff taunting ghosties

- > all of a sudden get pushed down
- >nope
- > watch tape
- > voices heard, ask friend to play again
- > super christian deletes it

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [166]

- >Be young, 12-14'ish.
- >Used to live on a family farm.
- >Norway, so naturally alot of mountains, hills and forests.
- >Used to explore the surrounding forests all the times my parents were working.
- >One day while adventuring in the woods around the nearby marsh, I found alot of small bones.
- >Used to find lots of bones from small rodents and birds.
- >These were stocked in many small piles.
- >Search through the piles to look for animal skulls to take home.
- >Think I see something move in the outline of the trees across the marsh.
- >Startled.
- >Sit perfectly still, peering at the forest.
- >See nothing.
- >Continue to search, a little shaky.
- >Start hearing buzzing sounds.
- >Sun settles behind some clouds.
- >Suddenly feel this strange chill, as if a cold breeze would brush over me while completly naked.
- >Gets darker around the stems and roots of the trees.
- >Completly frozen.
- >See a shadow moving underneath one of the trees.
- >NOPE
- >Discard everything in my hands.
- >Sprint as fast as I can away from the marsh, towards the fields.
- >Get out of there.

>Later at the farm house I stick my hand down in the pocket of the jacket I wore.  
>Something in there.  
>Pull it out.  
>Its a small skull.  
>Didn't recall ever finding any.  
>Go out.  
>Throw it in the fields.  
>Eat something and go to bed.  
>Sleep.  
>Wake up in the middle of the night.  
>Pee time.  
>Enter the bathroom.  
>Same skull lies on the side of the sink.  
>Freak out.  
>Run back to my room.  
>Pee in a vase for the rest of the night.

My mother brought with her the skull when we moved, locked up somewhere in the house, always gives me the creeps when I think back.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [167]

>Be 11  
>Be 2 AM  
>Grandparents house, window facing creepy thick woods  
>Always be creeped out by it  
>Looked through the window, first time ever  
>Fat trucker sitting there smiling at me  
>passout.jpg  
>Wake up next morning  
>ask grandpa about it  
>He has no idea who it was  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [168]

>few years ago  
>Walking the da woods with friends  
>Friends live near woods and I live in a different town  
>They tell me stories of seeing these weird creatures they call "White things"  
>LOL whatevs  
>We have a sleepover and it's a nice night so we go and sleep on the trampoline  
>Quiet, about 1:00am, trying to fall asleep  
>We hear whispers around trampoline, but can't see anything.  
>Branches are cracking around us  
>LOL wut  
>Friend gets wicked scared and says it's the "white things"  
>Oh whatever  
>"No really I just saw one."  
>Bull  
>Hears a noise in tree above us, screeching.  
>NOPE  
>Runs inside and doesn't go out there until morning. No signs of anything.  
>Haven't encountered so called "White things" since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [169]

Mine is simple, and it isn't very fascinating, but it still freaks me out.

>in college  
>awake late at night in dorm room  
>hear screams coming from the woods  
>"OH GOD NO! OH GOD OH GOD!"

>Hear weird rhythmic, melodic sounds some nights, kind of like a  
really screwed up violin  
>NOPE every time.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [170]

An anon once told me about the time he was in the woods and as night came, he got lost and he spent all night there. At some point during the night, he saw someone coming and as that person walked the path, he knocked on the tree trunks and lean in as if he tried to listen to something in it. The guy didn't see the anon and he kept going knocking on trunks till he was out of sight.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [171]

>be 9 and over at a buddies new house  
>exploring dark woods near his house, like, can barely see anything during the day  
>see something reflecting the glow of his flashlight  
>I ready my bat, he readies his dad's kukri  
>It's just an old flashlight  
>Caked in blood  
>With an old shovel nearby  
>NOPE

Later did some digging around with his dad and found a ton of wild animals burried everywhere.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [172]

>be walking through wooded area at night  
>hear loud crashes like fireworks behind me and my friend  
>on top of that it sounds like a few tools banging at a workshop  
>hear these sounds for 3 second periods at about a minute interval  
>we'd been walking for one or two miles and the noises weren't getting quieter  
>loads of cats around were shrieking and crying

It was like a war going on a mile down the road.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [173]

>hiking with my wife  
>our last day off before work  
>kind of spur of the moment stuff  
>we'd hiked there before  
>we follow old logging roads that wind to the top of a hill  
>hike to the top of the hill  
>we spend about an hour there  
>start back down  
>stop for to throw rocks  
>trying to hit this certain tree  
>I bend down to pick up a rock  
>bam  
>wife falls off the edge of the trail and down the hill  
>hillside is steep, loose dirt, kinda rocky  
>run down after her  
>see her laying along this flat spot  
>get to her  
>hear brush/leaves moving from the woods about 25 feet away  
>figure a bunch of rocks/dirt came loose and kept rolling  
>she seems pretty dazed  
>pretty scraped up  
>help her up and over to a big rock

>she is limping  
>okay, if we cut through the woods here we should get back to the road  
>she nods  
>let her rest a few minutes  
>we start through  
>her legs are still shaky  
>we're going really slow  
>takes almost 45 minutes to get back to the road  
>there is a 10 foot drop from down to the road  
>I jump down  
>she sits down and I turn to help her down  
>notice what looks like a bush behind her  
>she jerks back  
>screams and throws herself forward off on top me  
>I catch her  
>stagger  
>she said something grabbed her backpack  
>look up  
>the bush is gone  
>hear brush/leaves/wood cracking going back into the woods  
>allthenope  
>take her backpack  
>keep a hold of her hand the rest of the way to the car  
>starting to get dark  
>she is moving slow  
>constalty hear movement in the brush or off in the edge of the woods around us  
>finally make it to the car  
>get out of there  
>she tells me on the way home it felt like something was pulling her down the hill  
>didn't mention it when it happened  
>sounded crazy  
>check her ankle when we get home and cleaned up  
>cut looks like a clawmark  
>morenopes

Walking back was so scary, it felt like she could just get snatched

away and as it got dark I wouldn't have been able to find her.  
We've never gone hiking again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [174]

>be me at about 7 years old  
>go with mother sister me and her friend and her daughter to cottage  
>up far in northern Ontario  
>get there, place is in bad shape (mother's friend was messy)  
>her daughter takes me through forest to see old abandoned farmhouse  
>really creepy looking  
>look in window see some really disgusting deformed mans face kinda like jason from Friday the thirteenth but like 10x worse  
>NOPE OUT OF THERE  
>get back to cottage explain what happend everyone freaked out

Never went back there again to this day (I'm 24 now) and I can still remember that face it's just horrifying thinking about it....

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [175]

>Be taking pictures at abandoned warehouse  
>In middle of woods  
>Just before sunset  
>Pitch black inside except for flashes from camera  
>Wander near standing water fountain in middle of building  
  
>Want  
  
>Stare at fountain, realized it's not totally silent...  
>Breathing, not mine.

>Occasional footstep sound.  
>Grab water fountain and book it

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [176]

>be 13  
>love exploring  
>love walking through woods and on train tracks  
>often go by myself  
>this time I was alone  
>walking through woods like usual  
>pretty deep in- maybe a half hour  
>start smelling rotting  
>scared  
>almost run  
>decide to go on  
>find shack  
>there's some skinned deer hanging about, so that would be the scent  
>decide to go splorin'  
>go into shack  
>knives and machetes EVERYWHERE  
>rusty and blackened  
>duct tape and rope and sketchy stuff  
>look at a pile on he ground  
>all pictures of kids  
>they all seem to not notice they are being photographed  
>decide to ditch  
>jog out  
>go through the way I came  
>through some bushes and onto a trail  
>round a corner and see this old dirty looking guy who has a little blood on him (I assume from the deer but it was still scary)  
>turn around and run  
>he yells and starts chasing me  
>I go through this field and this thicket of trees

>end up on train tracks  
>I lost the dude  
>walking down tracks out of breath  
>start noticing small-looking clothing littered along the sides of the tracks  
>NOPE  
>start jogging again  
>there is A LOT of this childrens clothing and most of it looks really old  
>smell of rot  
>there are dead turkey buzzards next to the clothing  
>they seem to be totally mutilated  
>jogging fast  
>start hearing yelling  
>turn around  
>old guy is about a half mile back and has something in his hand  
>NOPE  
>I didn't even bring my knife  
>nope off the tracks and skip through this big cluster of thorn-bushes and this creepy forest  
>end up on this street across town from where I live  
>it has no houses on it  
>jog for like 20 minutes until I get home  
>got home  
>eat dinner  
>didn't tell my parents because they would forbid me from the woods  
>told like 2 friends

Apparently there were rumors of a traveling child-abductor in the woods. I am not sure I believe that, but it scared me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[177]**

>Be 15 or 16  
>At my cottage with a friend

>Walking near the woods at dusk  
>Stumble across a completely wrecked RV on the side of the path  
>My friend asks "Want to go check it out?"  
>We hear glass shattering and a low guttural growl accompanied with what sounds like a girl screaming mixed with the cry of an eagle  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [178]

> Innawoods, around 2 years ago, Winter time, hunting  
> Tip of West Virginia, home of the hoopies (Dad lives there)  
> Tip of sun is disappearing over the mountains, barley any light, so I'm heading home  
> See a doe, say screw it, shoot its shoulder off. (7mm magnum, packs a punch)  
> Decide to gut it right then and there, with little sis and dad so should be quick  
> We decide to gut it right next to the trees  
> We were in-between sections of trees. Ever seen strips of clear land on mountains for power lines with lots'a trees on either side? Exactly like that  
> I am right up against some big bushes, putting my knife in, start to hear shaking behind me  
> Everyone hears it too. "Probably a coyote waiting for the leftovers." My dad said  
> Continue gutting, bushes still shaking, sounds closer  
> Turn around to look at it with a flashlight, I'm searching for eyes about 2-3 feet off the ground along the trees, see nothing  
> Turn back around to the doe  
> Hear it again, it is in the bush right behind me  
> Step forward and turn around, decide to scare it off by taking a few running steps at it  
> Run into bush and put my foot in it for good measure, nothing but the sound of me shaking the bush  
> Finish skinning deer. About to go home, hear it again, may or

may not of grunted, don't remember

> In any case, I didn't hear a single coyote howl that night, or growl from the bushes

> Right before I turn around I feel a hot breath on my neck

> Hairsonmyneck.jpg

> Decide to just walk forward, away from the trees

> Don't mention it to anyone, look back at bushes, see nothing

> Walk home was uneventful

> Forget about it until now

Kind of creepy now that I think about it. I'm still convinced it was an animal that was waiting for any scraps, but this thing was pretty much on me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [179]

>be hanging out at this haunted old church in the middle of the woods that has a lot of local history

>be sitting in car in parking lot with friend one night

>car is turned off

>hear a drum sound coming from the woods, like one of those deep war drums

>starts getting closer and louder

>all of a sudden, the drumming comes right up behind my car real fast

>BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!

>instant intense feeling of indescribable sheer terror and dread

>feel like I'm surrounded by true evil

>friend flipping out screaming at me that "There's something bad here, we need to leave!"

>so scared I'm crying

>turn on car and promptly GTFO

I think I had a legitimate demonic experience that night.  
Other stories from the same place:

>be sitting in car, parked and turned off  
>back end of car slams down like someone had just jumped on it

>be hanging out in parking lot  
>hear banging sound coming from the creepy shack thing next to the church  
>start chucking rocks and acorns at the shack to try to imitate the sound  
>not even close  
>sounded like someone whacking it full-force with a baseball bat  
>nobody else there but us

>take ouija board one night  
>it swears at me  
>put it away and leave

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [180]

>camping with friends  
>walking along this path with my friend talking loudly  
>she asks me  
>"Oh crap, Meg did you bring that extra sleeping bag for me?"  
>Yeah I got it, we're good.  
>we keep walking  
>getting pretty far away from camp  
>suddenly from the brush cross the stream that our path paralleled  
>Beeeeehhh did yeeeyyee bbrbrbring da eeetra eeeeipi beeerrrrrgggg fo me  
>it was so inhuman sounding like an animal almost  
>it repeats several times  
>each time it sounds more and more like my friend  
>we are terrified  
>we start running back

>hear leaves moving behind us  
>too afraid to look  
>from behind us in a low whimper  
>"waaait I'm hurt"  
>sounds just like me  
>I'm crying  
>we keep running  
>as we get closer to the opening into the field we were camping in the bushes are thicker  
>we're not real fit and we had been running pretty hard  
>gasping for air  
>directly from the right of us  
>"tired YET"  
>sounds like her again with almost a bark  
>shaking so hard at this point  
>I turn and look back  
>see this massive mound of fur in the bushes turn and go back the way we came from  
>get to camp and tell our friends what happened  
>they of course don't believe us  
>we refuse to stay there that night  
>get in her car and drive to town and sleep in a cheap motel  
>about 10 PM her phone rings  
>friends at the camp  
>"JESUS WILL YOU GUYS GIVE IT UP? IT'S BEEN TWO HOURS YOU'RE NOT SCARING US JUST KEEPING US FROM SLEEPING"  
>friend gets hysterical telling them to leave  
>they're convinced we drove back there are in the woods yelling that we're hurt and for them to come help us  
>I turn up the motel tv and let them hear that we're in town  
>they hang up immediately and drive to our motel and spend the rest of the night  
>next day we go back for our stuff and never go camping again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

- >Be fifteen
- >Go on camping trip with Boy Scouts
- >Stay at a campground with a pre-built lean to
- >Hanging from one of the struts is a long bone with a woven talisman of sorts made of sticks
- >One of the older boys takes it down and tosses it into the woods
- >Nervous laughter about it
- >Go to sleep several hours later after setting up the rest of the campsite
- >Wake up in the middle of the night
- >Hear someone walking around the leanto over and over
- >take a head count
- >Everyone's there
- >Start freaking out
- >Next morning go to find the bone
- >It's gone

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [182]

- >Be teenager
- >live in suburban area next to forest with a river running through it, near farmland etc (UK)
- >In the field just before entrance to forest
- >Me, my brother and one of his friends playing catch with a Frisbee
- >I toss the Frisbee, afterwards I casually glance down path into forest as something caught my eye
- >Just before a bend in the path, I see a pale figure of a man wearing a white suit  
(this was a fair distance away, so I couldn't make out any facial features)
- >call brother and friend over, they see it too
- >the white figure is standing perfectly still, just staring at us
- >we are terrified
- >suddenly, figure sidesteps into undergrowth (brambles and nettles mind you) still staring at us, and disappears

>not a split second later a woman walking her dog comes up the path  
>White figure could not have possibly moved out of the way in time for the woman not to notice him  
>she or her dog had no reaction whatsoever to the man  
>we noped over the fence back into the house

The woods themselves aren't too creepy, but the river that runs through it is very weird. We call it 'a hungry river' as at least one person drowns in it every year.

>a few weeks after the white man  
>me and my dad are walking through the field on the opposite side of the river, directly opposite the forest looking for shed deer antlers  
>we've only been there 10 minutes and I spot the man in white again, in approximately the same place as last time  
>I call my dad over and he sees him too  
>Man in white is facing us, staring at us  
>we watch him for another 10 minutes or so, no-one comes up the path and he doesn't move  
>my dad decides we need to go home now  
>have to walk through several fields to get home so it takes us about twenty minutes  
>Get home, dad goes into our side of the forest to see if the man is still there  
>no-one to be seen up the entirety of the forest path  
>never see the man in white again

These next stories are in random order, I'm typing them up as I remember them. It usually takes a while to jog my memory lol  
Also sorry for any typos, I'm using handwriting recognition as my keyboard is busted.

>be 19  
>a week or a few days after my dad died  
>middle of the night, rest of family is sleeping  
>smoke alarm goes off, scares the crap out of me  
>>wakes everyone up

>the alarm only lasted a few seconds before stopping, which is weird because even when you press the test switch it stays on for 30 seconds  
>batteries were new and everything  
>we checked the house for fire, smoke etc. Nothing  
>noped back to sleep

The exact same thing happened a few nights later, only the alarm went off twice in the same hour. The Fireman check the household alarms once a year, When they checked ours later in the year, there was nothing wrong with it at all.

Also:

>day after my dad died  
>I was in my room alone  
>a few soft knocks on my door  
>no-one else upstairs but me

My door was slightly ajar too so if anyone was there I would've been able to see them.

And after all this I still don't believe in ghosts

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [183]

>be about 11 years old  
>be exploring woods behind my house with my best friend, since I lived in the country and we would do this every weekend  
>find weird stuff in the deepest parts of the woods, just stuff people leave behind  
>one week, find an overturned refrigerator sitting in a ravine  
>we are curious, but there's a lock on the door  
>we come back next week and manage to break the lock off  
>inside is a bunch of bags, the plastic kind you keep food in, full of something tannish-red and squelchy that smells absolutely

rancid

- >"Haha, anon, maybe it's a dead body"
- >both laugh awkwardly, shake it off and decide it was meat from a hunter or something (though I dunno why a hunter would just dump this stuff in the woods)
- >go back next week after we popped the lock
- >fridge is gone, somehow dragged away from the middle of the woods
- >...like they had something to hide
- >nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [184]

- >Be 17
- >Riding ATV's in the middle of the Oregon woods on some old logging roads with my cousin
- >Enter into a meadow, decide to stop and look around a bit
- >Dead silent, except for the sound of a stream down through the woods
- >Cousin wants to go check it out, so we head into the treeline
- >Woods were so dense, only about 2-3 feet between trees, plus bushes and moss
- >Had to hike down there on foot, about 100 feet to the bottom of the valley
- >Get to stream, cousin heads over to look at a tree
- >See an old rusty car on the other side of the stream
- >Wonder what a car is doing this far out in the woods
- >Head over to investigate
- >Look inside, just leaves
- >Voice whispers "hey" from nearby ferns
- >Another one chimes in "hey, look what we've got"
- >My heart drops and I NOPE back across the stream
- >Cousin comes running and says he saw people crouching in the bushes nearby
- >Run up towards the ATV's, left, and never looked back

That was the scariest thing that's ever happened to me. I have no idea what was going on there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [185]

Okay, I don't have a story myself, but this is a story from my brother. It was years ago when I heard this, so I might be getting a few details wrong.

He and his friends had some four wheelers that they took into this huge expanse of woods behind our neighborhood. They had been there before, but there are so many trails that they took new paths all the time. They ran across an actual cabin. Full-sized cabin, completely abandoned. They didn't have the nerve to go inside (even though it was the middle of the day). But they did examine the outside a lot. They found nothing, but started seeing and hearing things around the place. They said they were seeing a big black shadow and a small white shadow. The small white one was occasionally accompanied by soft childish laughs and some toy noises (my brother swears he heard a jack-in-the-box).

This is when it gets weird. They decided to leave to go to this big clearing where they could really hit full speed and do donuts and stuff. On completely flat ground, with a tiny turn, one of the four wheelers began to turn over. It stuck on two wheels, balancing there. For minutes. All of them tried to push it back over, but couldn't do it. They all claim to have heard the childish laughing while this was happening. It quit in an instant and the cart fell back onto its wheels. They hightailed it out of there and never went back.

I can't tell you much about the truthfulness of this tale because it wasn't personal experience... But seeing my brother's face when he walked in the door that day? SOMETHING happened.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [186]

>was hiking out in the woods  
>still relatively close to civilization  
>hear a strange noise in the distance  
>sounds like grunting and cloth being pulled  
>decide it'll be cool to go all Metal Gear Solid and see what the noise is without being detected  
>get down low to the ground and start heading towards the noises  
>see two guys carrying something large wrapped up in bed sheets  
>suddenly this isn't fun anymore  
>crouched down trying to be as still as possible  
>waiting for them to just pass me by so I can get out of there  
>one of them looks over in my general direction  
>he suddenly stops walking  
>sets down his end of the whatever they were carrying  
>points directly at me  
>starts running towards me  
>other guy following behind him  
>I take off like a bat out of hell  
>after a few minutes of heart pounding forest jogging I get out into the street  
>they stopped chasing me  
>get home and tell my parents what I saw  
>they call the police  
>police found a body shoved into a large runoff pipe not far from where I was

I stopped going out into the forest alone after that.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [187]

When I was about 11, I went on a Boy Scout (I know, I was 11, come on) Jamboree, which is essentially just a large meet up of all the Boy Scout groups on the island. It was held in the middle of Terra Nova park, which is a large provincial park, filled with campgrounds and woods. Also, the theme of this Jamboree - "Magical Mysteries". (they copied the demerit/points thing from harry potter, and everything had a magical theme. Again, I was 11)

>be me  
>be activity day  
>our group decides to do the blind trail walk  
>we get blindfolded, and one at a time, walk down a trail  
>at different points, older kids guide us through an obstacle  
>crawl under this, climb over that, etc.  
>get to one point, I have to walk across a log over a ditch  
>older kid explains it to me, then says/does nothing  
>walk across log, almost fall, feel him hold my arm and help me across  
>say thanks  
>no answer  
>continue walking a few feet, feel him poke me in the ribs  
>lolwat, stop man  
>feel him poke me in the back, hear giggling  
>sounds like a girl giggling as well  
>feel another poke in the ribs  
>STOP MAN  
>rip off blindfold, nobody there  
>look back at log, older kid is like 150 feet down the trail, helping up a kid who had fallen over

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [188]

Ummmm, not that it's common for everyone, but I've run across mannequins in the woods. I was out hiking a stupidly-backwoods area along the Kentucky red river valley --bushwacking, not

hiking-- and for no sensical reason, I found a mannequin torso just out in the woods.

The thing was half buried in leaves and so I just thought it was a dead body until I got closer. How did a mannequin get miles from civilization in the middle of inpenatrable woods?

I can't tell you. But if it was just some kids trying to scare someone, they got me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [189]

>going hunting with a friend. he's trying to teach me how to shoot and stuff  
>after a day of not seeing a single animal, he makes us go deeper into the forest  
>next day we see hare corpses while tracking an elk.  
>ignore them, getting a really bad feeling though.  
>friend urges me to track the elk even at 4am  
>oblige, really tired.  
>after a few minutes we find an elk, but it's injured.  
>elk is making this dying screech, super scared.  
>it drops down to the ground just 30 feet away from us  
>dead silence  
>see another animal walk up to the elk  
>think it's a bear, but it isn't shaped right  
>looks like an antlered baby elephant.  
>it growls.  
>friend is freaking out and shoots it with his 22.  
>it growls again then charges at us.  
>I shoot it as well then run away, neck in neck with my friend.  
>never look back, but we can hear it getting really close to us.  
>come to really steep hill, which turns into a small cliff-ish thing  
>roll down hill, hear animal come down after us.  
>hear it thump on the ground  
>after me and bro get up, we can't find the corpse of the beast

with our torches

>nope out of the forest, nope for several hours straight until we get back home

While going back home we convinced each other it was a big bear, a REALLY big bear. We have stuck with that and have never gone hunting since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [190]

>Be 18 years old

>In the woods with about 60-70 people that I volunteered with

>Staying in two cabins quite close to each other

>Night fall

>Can't see a thing

>Me and about 15 others go together to tell ghost stories as we hike in the woods around cabins

>After telling a few stories, notice some movement in the top of the trees

>Back out towards edge of tree line do to spooked

>Notice hundreds eyes all paired in twos glowing do to the cabin front porch lights

>Confusion but not scared

>All of sudden a pair of eyes plops down from about 12 feet or so in the tree

>Makes a creepy sound that no bird or raccoon would make

>All of us run like hell to the cabins hearing a few more of those things drop down and scurry towards us

>All any of us could see were the glowing eyes

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [191]

>be me,

>14 years old  
>me nad 3 friends go to the woods build a tree house  
>on the road making jokes about ghosts and spirits, how would we react if we see something  
>found a suitable tree  
>2 friends go on the tree to work, me and another friend are down.  
>suddenly the friend who was with me tells me to turn around  
>of course.jpg  
>His face became pale and says to me: "please turn around"  
>I look behind me and I see a 2m tall black apparition was pointing at us  
>friends who were on the tree also saw the apparition  
>instantly jumping from the tree  
>We ran like crazy  
>After maybe 3 kilometers just stopped to catch our breath, and the friend who jumped from a tree had sprained his foot.

First I thought to myself I was imagining such things, but after I talked to my friends, they had seen the same thing.

A month after that I could not sleep, and even today when I pass that place I panic, and never go alone.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [192]

I do believe my old neighborhood had a cult nearby.

>Long time ago, walking to school to catch the bus.  
>Was 8, didn't really care  
>One day I remember hearing lots of rustling in a woods nearby  
>Had time before the bus so went to investigate  
>I was really quiet, trying to see what was going on. Lucky for me I was wearing green, so I blended in well.  
>Saw about 3-4 people in the distance moving away. If I ran to them, they would have been long gone.

- >Go up a bit and see skeletons of different animals, had no idea which though
- >Felt really sick and terrified, ran away crying
- >Get on the bus and block that out for the rest of the day

I had some other near encounters if anyone wants to hear about them.

### **[Of course.]**

At the time I lived in Oregon. I'm a Washington man now.

- >Fast forward about six months later, I just turned 9.
- >Exploring woods around my house
- >Come across burned patches on the ground, shaped in a small circle
- >It really looked recent, like someone just used it
- >Investigate the other part of this open area
- >There were feathers and bones more than likely from chickens just laying around
- >Pieces of cloth were pinned on nearby trees
- >My body felt shivers all over and left as soon as possible
- >While leaving, I heard more rustling behind me, took a chance and looked behind
- >A man who looked to be in his 30's, wearing a weird uniform was collecting the feathers
- >He didn't see me as I ran away

Now I'm about 85% sure there had to be a shack nearby or some place they used as a retreat.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### **[193]**

- >be like 9 or 10, whatever
- >trailer is right beside the woods
- >humid, gotta sleep with the bedroom window open(with the

screen up though)  
>sounds of the forest soothing  
>suddenly hearing music  
>sort of sounds like windchimes or music box  
>at first assume it's someone having a weird woods getdown with a loud stereo, try to ignore it  
>sounds like it's getting closer  
>areyouserious.jpeg  
>head out on the porch to scope it out  
>suddenly music sounds really beautiful and I get the urge to follow it  
>realize I'm already off the porch walking towards the woods  
>get weird chilled feeling, like something isn't right  
>head back in the house, try to sleep  
>music continues out there until like 4am, sounding like it's right outside my window

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [194]

>be 12-13  
>was hunting for pigs in the woods with my dad  
>been snooping for about 3 hours  
>no pig signs or trails  
>suddenly realize it's unearthly quiet for the woods  
>no bird song, no nothing  
>then we hear heavy grunting  
>whatwasthat.jpg  
>we are in small clearing, nothing around us/ close enough to be that loud  
>look at dad, he looks at me  
>let's get the out of here  
>all the way back to the truck is silent

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [195]

I lived in an aged urban Alabamian town most of my life and, as is the case with most of Alabama, you're never more than 15 minutes away from an extremely rural area. Between the ages of 11-13ish I hung out with a bro that lived near the woods and have a few really good innawoods stories.

>at bro's house  
>to the side and behind the house it's in a clearing surrounded by crops and pastures  
>beyond the crops and pastures were woods with very large trees, but fairly spaced out  
>they were tall enough to block out a lot of light yet sparse enough for there not to really be a designated trail  
>no houses for half a mile in either direction, very poorly lit so on clear nights you really could see so much of the sky  
>in front of the house, there's the road with very steep ditches on either side and on the side of the road opposite of the house was a much more thick wooded area, maybe 20 feet from the road - trees not as big and very dense, however there existed trails for hunting purposes and general hiking  
>had a friend that lived at the end of the road about a half a mile down that we'd visit  
>walking back to bro's house with bro from friend that lived at the end  
>as we're approaching the darkest point and maybe halfway mark between houses I can slightly make out what appears to be a white shed innawoods  
>mention it to bro and he sees it to  
>we both stop when we're directly across from it on the road  
>can distinctly make out the borders of the shed, and even take notice the shape of a windowframe  
>we both stare in awe for a minute because we know with absolute certainty there was never a shed there, and it's right on the border of the woods so it would be apparent if it ever were there  
>ear burstingly loud crash comes inside the shed  
>me and friend straining every ounce of energy we have out of

our bodies to sprint until our lungs gave out to make it back  
>go back the following day in the sun  
>no shed

Also:

>at same bro's house  
>his dad is ex military with boxes of MREs and all sorts of guns stored in the house  
>in the sparse "back woods" that I mentioned before, they owned a school bus that his dad used to hunt in  
>has a bed, shelves of MREs, a couch and a loveseat, toilet, wood stove, two barrels of filtered water, and a television  
>me, bro, and 3 other friends hike out to the woods to stay the night in the bus  
>bring snacks, blankets, a couple portable dvd players and some movies  
>bro's dad makes us take a walkie talkie out there but said not to wake him up unless it was an emergency  
>kicking it with my bros having a great time for a few hours  
>around 3am our dvd players and phones have died so we're just talking, playing card games and "would you rather"  
>gets quiet at one point  
>bus starts shaking slightly  
>no one says anything but the silence continues because we all acknowledged it but not aloud  
>few minutes pass and we start talking again  
>bus starts shaking again a little harder  
>"Did you guys feel that or am I imagining it?"  
>everyone feels it  
>we all go dead silent and wait  
>hear the grass rustle around the back of the bus  
>we all start flipping out and frantically pulling up all the windows we had open  
>bus starts shaking violently  
>hear the screeching sound of something sharp scraping/clawing the side of the bus near us  
>the oldest guy there is literally crying and hiding under a blanket not saying a word while the rest of us are freaking out

>hear a very low growl coming from directly beneath the window  
>we're all frozen in place  
>few minutes pass by and nothing happens  
>we're looking for the walkie talkie to call bro's dad but can't find it anywhere  
>suddenly hear bloodcurdling shriek of something clearly inhuman

>almost all of us are in tears at this point  
>words getting caught in our throats as we're frantically searching for walkie talkie  
>the moron that's been frozen solid not saying a word underneath the blanket and crying for 10 minutes was laying on it  
>bus shaking harder than ever and still hearing footsteps around the bus in between shakes  
>bro calls his dad on walkie talkie and is screaming at him to come down there and tells him something is shaking the bus and screeching and clawing at it  
>he tells us he's on his way and to stay inside and not open the bus door for anything but him  
>couple minutes pass by of progressively lighter shakes  
>suddenly see bro's dad sprinting down the trail towards the bus with some assault rifle with a light attached to it  
>tells us to stay in the bus  
>he makes a couple passes around the bus looking for whatever it was  
>comes back, he didn't see anything  
>we closely follow him as he leads us back to the house, gun up and ready  
>none of us speak to each other for the rest of the night

His dad said the next day he thought it was likely a mountain lion but none of us bought it for a second. I don't imagine anything with less than human strength could shake the bus as much as it was shaking.

To this day that night remains the single most terrifying night of my life, and that was like 7 years ago. I think that may have been the only time in my life I felt genuine terror. I genuinely feared for

my life that night

The most obvious answer would likely be a bear, but it was winter and there aren't many bears in that part of Alabama. It remains a possibility, but the screech sounded much more human.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [196]

>Be me, probably around 11 or 12 years old  
>Camping at same campground that my family has stayed at for 35+ years now (I'm in California)  
>First time camping outside though (we usually stayed in cabins) and I brought my friend anon to stay with me and crash in a tent instead of staying with my parents.  
>We do usual camping stuff, stay up late after the fires over and talk about random stuff, like usual.  
>We probably drift off around midnight  
>Flash forward like 2 hours  
>Me and anon wake up at the exact same time, hearing what sounds like gunfire of in the distance  
>People fire guns here all the time, just usually only during the day....  
>I think me and anon tried to dismiss it as someone scaring off a bear or something at first  
>No sooner had we said that, we heard screaming  
>Not just one person screaming, it sounded like dozens of people screaming.  
>We can still hear the gunfire overlaying the screams every couple of seconds or so.  
>This goes on for ten plus minutes...  
>We are scared witless and kinda just lay there motionless till we drift off  
>Wake up the next day, both of us immediately remember, that wasn't a dream we both had it.  
>Family heard nothing, dismisses it as nothing but us being young and stupid.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [197]

>summer going into freshmen year, so I'm around 13-14  
>bff asks if I wanna spend some of summer vacation with her at  
her dad's house in WA state  
>my parents are chill with it, so the plans are a-go  
>her dad lives on a mountain in a thickly wooded area  
>the location is secluded with a river in the backyard, bald eagles  
and other animals everywhere  
>her dad and her dad's gf work the graveyard shift at the local  
hospital as nurses  
>around 2am one night, we let the dog out to go potty  
>there is no fence, so the dog is linked to a long tether  
>bff and I are playing some vidya when we suddenly hear the dog  
going nuts  
>open door and go onto porch, see dog straining against tether to  
get inside  
>there are the loudest sounds of crashing footfalls coming from  
the treeline, which was only around 200 feet from the front door  
>there is no wind, just the sound of something huge barreling  
through the woods  
>freak out and run back in without dog  
>realize a few minutes later that was stupid and let dog in  
>something hits the door with a loud BANG after we let her in  
>many nopes were shared

Her dad tried to chalk that up to a neighbor, but he had no  
neighbors. Also, I went out the next day to assess the damage in  
the woods. It seemed that no trees were felled.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [198]

>Be me, probably like 19 at the time as I had just become a licensed contractor.

>Grandparents cabin is at this place called Bernie Falls, middle of no where between northern CA and Oregon and they are the only cabin on the road

>Head out alone to fix some warps interior doors, lots of inside work

>After first day while Im grilling outside I keep hearing things, just past the tree line moving around

>I'm cooking so I assume animals

>Go to bed without giving it another thought.

>Next morning, early, as I want to finish working and head home I take the trash the 1/4 mile down to the road to the bear proof bins around 6 am.

>After putting trash in, I see what could only be a bear laying down in the field across the street.

>Its freaking huge, Brown and shaggy and I think "Oh god, please don't hear me."

>As I start backing away towards the cabin it hears me and stands up, but not like a bear would

>Puts one humaniod hand on its knee and pushes itself up, while turning to look at me

>We make eye contact and my heart stops, it's got an ape like face, is way taller than me, and is staring me down.

>I'm now aware of how quiet it is, and how alone I am.

>Break eye contact and run, make it all the way back to the cabin and lock myself in, scared witless

Didn't leave for another day, heard things the rest of the afternoon and night outside. Still always afraid to head back.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [199]

>live in suburban Florida

>we have a nature trail behind the local middle school that extends all the way to the Everglades

>walking toward's friend's house with group of friends  
>it's around sunset  
>decide to take shortcut through nature trail since it cuts the travelling time by about an hour  
>we're about halfway through the trail  
>starts getting really dark (There are literally no lights at all nearby so it's almost pitch black)  
>we're all laughing and joking when suddenly hear large, bellowing roar  
>was kind of a mix between t-rex from Jurassic Park and a hog  
>MyBodyIsNotReady.jpeg  
>NOPE the hell out of the woods  
>running fast as we can  
>hear rustling behind us  
>as soon as we reach the gate between woods and civilization the rustling stops  
>we get home and wonder what just happened

We still use the trail all the time, but only in daylight. We've never even dared to go back there at night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [200]

>me at 9 or ten years old, living in Minnesota woodlands  
>get in some stupid fight with parents  
>"run away" like kids do when they get pissed at parents  
>starting to get dark out. I was used to playing in woods at night so I never got scared.  
>barefoot, only have blanket  
>Hide in woods and sit on the blanket near a tree we called the voodoo tree (it was bone white and dead and we put muddy hand prints all over it)  
>really quiet night, moon is out, sort of cold.  
>hear someone walking, thinks it's my dad out looking for me.  
>see big human figure, about the size of dad.  
>keep quiet and still so he doesn't see or hear me.

>figure gets closer but still a shadowy blur  
> it hovers 2 feet away for a few minutes  
> can't make out the face, decide to admit defeat, he obviously found me.  
>me:"Dad?"  
>figure expands twice it's height  
>nope nope nope  
>book it back to my house running through all sorts of thorn bushes  
>get home, both parents are there. dad never left the house.

For a while I thought it was a bear, but it didn't make a single noise and it came over to me on two feet?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [201]

> be 9, camping with family  
> deep in the woods, almost a mile away from nearest road  
> its 2 am about to all head down for the night  
> just as my dad is about to put the fire out he jokingly goes "This will keep you warm for a bit when the fire's out." and farts  
> we all laugh  
> suddenly a fart comes from the trees  
> everyone is accounted for  
> voice from the trees says "Whistlin' for a little showtune?"  
> whole family piles out of tent and we all bolt, running back to the car without stopping and just leave all our stuff behind

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [202]

Friend's story.

>be 1 1/2 years ago

>walk down a road that they always get creeped out driving on  
>start hearing screams in the woods near the road, faint but there  
>see smoke rising from the tree tops (a little moon was out)  
>smells hardcore smoke  
>sees movement of something really far up and behind them, looks like human figure  
>hears whispers near them, and friend's gf is basically crying  
>feels things touching her slightly, and she is freezing  
>they get out of there  
I have always wanted to try it, but never have.

I guess they went back several weeks later because she felt something following her, and wanted to try to get rid of it by going back. That time, the smoke was in the road (although it could have been fog all along, just being a skeptic I guess) and they saw something deep in the woods, fire. They NOPE.jpeg out of there again, and I have not heard about it since. I guess my friend's house is also haunted, although I hear ALL of this from my friend, so he may be paranoid, idk.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [203]

Here is something that happened a long time ago early 2000s, but relevant.

>be 15  
>Morning on a foggy day. 9:00am  
>Go outside to check temp.  
>See a shadowy figure scuttle into the forest at speeds much too fast to be any animal I know of.  
>Try to check, nothing there.  
>Give up and go back inside.  
>Notice clock says 2:00pm, when I know I wasn't out for longer than 5 minutes tops.  
>Guess the clocks batteries died, check watch

>2:00pm  
>Check computer  
>2:00pm  
>Later younger sister ( Only 5 years old at the time ) asks me if I was a wizard.  
>announces to family at dinner table that she saw we walk into the forest and vanish.  
>Play it off to my parents that she must be in her childhood imagination phase, I don't want to come across as strange.  
>Hide the fact that my mind is blown.  
>Never speak of it again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [204]

>Be me, about 5 yrs old  
>playing in the woods down the street from my house with some buddies  
>find treehouse (not really a treehouse since it's not in a tree, but it looked like one so that's what we called it)  
>door is locked  
>windows are foggy, can't see inside  
>creepy pictures drawn on the windows, one of them I remember was some fat drooling worm thing  
>we usually stayed away from the treehouse, but we played in those woods all the time, lots of scary stuff happened over the years  
>anyway, a few years later, a hurricane hit (Isabelle I think it was? idk it hit Maryland in like 2003 or 2004)  
>go in the woods with my buddies when storm is over  
>treehouse is destroyed, so of course we go check it out, we wondered for years what was in there but we were too scared to break in  
>we find all these jars with what looked like intestines and all kinds of nasty things inside  
>creeped us out so we all went home  
>came back the next day, all of it was gone, not even a trace of

the treehouse

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [205]

>With cousin and friend walking dog in the not creepy at all place known as Devil's Wood  
>Devil worshiping said to happen there right up until the 90s  
>Anyway, walking dog about 12:30/1am  
>Dog is off the lead only a small terrier and massively obedient  
>In the middle of the woods, completely dark, there was a storm in about 2001 and the place is full of fallen trees that you need to clamber over  
>Hear movement in the dark slightly to the right of where we are  
>Dog suddenly stops and bolts towards the noise  
>Shout of dog to come back but there's no response  
>Hear it growl but the kind of growl when a dog has hold of something it doesn't want to let go of  
>Hear grunt  
>Hear what sounds like branches being moved when someone runs into them in a hurry  
>Hear dog yelp  
>Not sure what to do because we have no light source and no weaponry but decide we have to get the dog back  
>Just about to go to where the dog went  
>Dog returns, in no kind of distress, looks at us panting and walks back over to us  
>Decide to put it back on lead so it doesn't run away again  
>Leave woods shortly after  
>Look down  
>Dog's entire head and back is covered in blood that isn't it's own

We still never really worked it out. Rats and hedgehogs squeal when they get bit but I'm not really sure about foxes. The place is just eerie anyway, there was a guy that lived in his own makeshift camp there for absolutely years, there's who knows how many cholera victims buried there thanks to the cholera breakout out of

1853/54, there was the hole that just appeared over night in the side of the hill but the other story with the other dog is always the one that unnerves me the most.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [206]

>Be me, age 15, in the woods with my two Icelandic friends.  
>Screwing around, talking, usual 15 year old stuff.  
>Look at our surroundings, and on top of a particularly large hill, I see a man in Tuxedo watching us, he seems kinda old.  
>Tell friends.  
>They look up at him and suggest we try to talk to him.  
>Go up the hill and watch him turn around and walk away.  
>We double time it and start sprinting.  
>Finally reach the top of the hill.  
>He's standing at the edge of the woods, which leads to a large corn field, which was now emptied of corn.  
>Try to cover the-I think-30 to 50 meters covered in vines and other plant life to get to him.  
>He just calmly walks out.  
>A minute or two later we finally get out of there.  
>We can't find him.  
>Go to the owners house and ask him.  
>He says we're probably just seeing stuff.  
>Believe him and head back into the woods to get back to my friends' house.

We saw him a few more times in the woods and the same thing happened each time, same guy, same outfit, and always in some odd place that took us forever to reach. Does anyone here know what that was?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [207]

>be me  
>camping with mates in VIC out near Digby and whatnot  
>Make fire, set up tent, etc  
>Talk about /x/ stuff deep into the night  
>we weren't creeped out at all  
>decide it's time to hit the hay  
>around two in the morning  
>Hear some movement outside. Wakes us all up.  
>it's just a wallaby mate  
>go to sleep  
>wake up again to a sound I have never heard before  
>Sounds like a mixture of gurgled laughter and screaming, right outside our tent mind you  
>we all sit there, terrified, as this goes on for twenty minutes  
>hear other sounds just like it echo through the bush  
>whatever it was, it was communicating  
>we are all frozen in fear at this point.  
>hear movement again, definitely not a wallaby  
>it sounded like large footsteps, but not thumping and whatnot made by wallabys  
>Goes away  
>can still hear the echoes of the others screaming in the distance, as well as muffled howls.

Now, I know what a koala sounds like, and I know they sound horrible, but this was in no way a Koala.

Hold me, /x/.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [208]

Growing up as a kid my Dad liked to take me out camping a lot. Often times it would just be the two of us jumping into his truck, driving out into some remote area in the forest (not an actual camping ground), pitching a tent, and sitting by a fire. It was a

great time for us to bond, away from the chaos of normal life, just the two of us hanging out with nothing else to do.

Plenty of creepy stuff happened, but looking back at it now I can see that a majority of it was all my over active imagination of being out in the woods in the middle of no where. Like the time we came across an area with a bunch of downed trees, and I concocted some story in my head about a monster that roamed the forest and took them all down.

There was one moment though that's always stuck out, something about it never came off as being right, and I've never been able to fully explain or understand it. We were at a new camping area, some place we'd never been before, and after pitching our tent we decided to go walk off into the woods and wander around. After maybe about an hour in we broke through the trees and came across a clearing of grass. It was extremely odd in that all around was forest, and here was just this area of grass.

In the middle of it sat a small cabin. It looked all raggedy and decrypt, like no one had been there in a very long time.

All around the house besides the grass were old rusted out car parts, big huge pieces too. Which is really odd, because again you were literally surrounded by thick woods within this clearing, and it'd be extremely difficult, not to mention non-sensical to have all this junk, especially with no visible cars.

Off to the side of the house was I guess a canyon, not really sure what to call it. Like a gap in between the land, which had a straight drop down, but the gap wasn't that big, maybe a foot or two. Almost like some one purposely made this little gap here for some inexplicable reason.

So, we walked into this area, before we did so it was pretty quiet with the exception of the occasional birds chirping or something. Yet as soon as we walked onto the grass we both distinctly heard this woman. She was yelling, super pissed, but what she was

yelling about I'll never know because it wasn't English. She had a typical midwestern accent, that I remember, but what ever she was yelling was pure jibberish. Accompanied with her yelling sounded like pounding and banging of feet/fist, and also slamming of pots around.

What didn't make sense about this, is you could clearly see into the Cabin with the window that faced us, and yet we couldn't really make out any one inside - or at least I couldn't.

What was even stranger was the smell, or really the lack there of. See, the woods have a certain scent to them, at least I feel they do. It's refreshing, clean, woody, some times strong and pungent, but always a scent. There was nothing when we entered in there, nothing at all. Like almost a vacuum had sucked it all up and it was gone.

So, after this woman had started screaming at us I obviously didn't want to be there any more. I was more scared that we were on some one's land as opposed to something paranormal or weird going on. I looked up at my Dad to tell him we should probably go, and that's when he did something I'd never seen him do before.

He picked me up, and just ran straight into the woods. I'd never had my Dad pick me up, and I'd never seen him run, ever. Maybe he saw something, maybe he understood something I didn't, I don't know, but what ever it was scared the crap out of him. He ran for maybe a quarter of the way back to camp, set me down, and told me to just walk fast.

The entire time we didn't say any thing, and the entire time it seemed like he was about to do another dead sprint at any given moment. He kept looking back, expecting something, I don't know what.

We got back to camp safely though, packed every thing up, and immediately drove off.

He's never talked to me about it, and every time I try to bring it

up I just get silence. For the longest time I assumed it was just trespassing, but as I get older I find that harder to believe.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Cannibals...

The looney woman was signaling the others of your presence. The pots and pans were probaby their signal to round up.

Your dad is either very smart, or saw others bolting towards you two.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [209]

>at the time I was maybe 15  
>hanging with friend; I didn't hang much  
>we decide to go to Reeder Road (supposedly haunted road that leads into thick woods near my town)  
>we go during the day by bike  
>when we get there it's maybe about 4 pm and the only other people we saw there was some old man walking down the path  
>we have the bright idea to go off the road down one of the unmarked paths overgrown with shrubs  
>we walk deeper into the woods when we reach a ditch that sort of curves  
>while walking along it I notice something across the ditch  
>I can't really explain it, it looked like a human but they were like clearish white it's hard to explain  
>when I look at it, it looks like it does a small sprint into a tree  
>the tree shakes a little bit like something made contact with it  
>me and my friend look at eachother wondering what it was  
>we run back to the main road get on our bikes and go home

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [210]

I got one. My friends and I used to go around and explore in the woods. Occasionally we would sit and do EVP sessions, and try to do some minor ghost hunting stuff. Here is one of the stories.

>be hanging out with friends.  
>be in Ohio  
>one friend says he knows a place in the wood by his house  
>go there, called "The Witch's House"  
>just a decrepit ruins of a house, mainly the basement. Also a charred car randomly parked next to the house.  
>Sit on some bricks, try talking to the "witch" that used to live there. Sun has already set.  
>Hear footsteps rustling around the house, like someone running, leaves moving around a lot.  
>Friends start to wander over to the charred car, I leave the EVP recorder on the brick.  
>I join them, we find this Odometer that has been dislodged from the car. The numbers are set to 666600.  
>I tell friend not to take it, he doesn't listen. Thinks it's funny and is gonna change the numbers when he gets back.  
>We get back to the recorder, ask some more questions to the open air.  
>It starts to get really dark, start to leave.  
>Once we get back, we all try to change the numbers on the odometer. It is stuck...  
>friend rushes down to his basement and puts the odometer there. (don't ask me why)  
>I look over the sounds, and hear this light whispering at the beginning when we get there. It gets louder and louder the more time we are there.  
>Once we get to the point in the recording where we leave to look at the car, I hear clapping, and this weird whispering that is super loud.  
>The whispering follows the sound of the walking in the leaves. Like it belongs to whatever is running around the bricks.

That is pretty much all we found on the recording. But my friend said that ever since he took that odometer, his house has been weird. Footsteps, knocking, shadows everywhere. And I tried to go and find the odometer a few months ago, and it is gone.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [211]

>walking home from clearing about just under a mile from house  
>gets dark before I get home  
>wildlife noises stop  
>start speedwalking  
>think I see someone just off the trail looking at me or keeping pace with me  
>sprint the last 500 meters into house  
>sit in shower for next hour

I hate the woods.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [212]

I've got a story that still confuses me today.

>Be 12 or so old me  
>live in mountain town in colorado  
>dense birchforest that I used to play around in, not many animals that could pose any danger for me  
>messing around in the woods one day, see a weird growth on a birch tree  
>try to peel it off, trying to help muh tree bro out  
>rip a small hunk of the greening, gooey tree off  
>hear someone clearing their throat, followed by a rough, worn, animalistic female voice say, "Don't do that."

>confused, looking around me is confused  
>"Up here."  
>Look up to see a big, fat crow with teeth and a long blue tail  
>"Don't do that."  
>Run away saying sorry, terrified  
>Look back as I'm running, bird thing is gone

I've never heard anything about this thing, ever. I think it might have been a figment of my childhood imagination.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [213]

>be at a party with friends  
>everyone dressed up as knights because we are a load of geeks  
>starting to get drunk but not quite  
>I turn around and there is another knight there sitting by the fire with me  
>I think he must have been brought by one of the others  
>talk to him for a while, he doesn't say much besides the occasional grunt  
>tell him about the things going on with my job lately and having just gotten married  
>occasionally raises his glass for more mead  
>get up and go to the woods to answer nature's call  
>turn around and the new knight is gone

I asked around the next day, and no one had any idea what I was talking about. Everyone thought I was drunk and talking to myself. Afterwards, my life really picked up, and I'm in a good situation presently.

Still, who did I spend all that time talking to?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [214]

>be on Google Maps  
>exploring street view in my neighborhood  
>find woods on the outskirts of town, place I haven't gone before  
>like 30 minutes away, might as well  
>drive to woods, plan on staying for an hour and exploring  
>be exploring for 15-20 minutes when I realize that there are a LOT of holes in the ground  
>holes are very deep and only like 2 inches wide  
>that's pretty weird  
>step into a clearing  
>almost fall into the deepest hole ever  
>it's really wide  
>in the middle of the woods  
>get out of there

I really don't know what could've caused it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [215]

>be in virginia out inna woods  
>be getting dark  
>walking home out of woods hear a loud screaming noise,  
literally sounds like a woman is being tortured  
>nope nope nope  
>calm down enough to realize its probably just a big bobcat  
>almost out of woods when I here the screaming sound again,  
still creepy but not as bad as it was.  
>get about halfway home and screaming sound does not get  
quieter seems to be about the same distance away the entire trip,  
nerves are strung out to hell and back. jumping at every pop.  
  
>get almost out of woods and hear the scream again. This time it  
isn't just a random scream, this time instead of just being a wail it  
actually sounds like it is trying to say something.

>the screaming thing says the most creepy way I have ever heard in my life, "RUN"

So I noped right on out of there as fast as my legs could carry me. Wishing I had my gun instead of my bow, I don't hunt that area without a gun anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [216]

>several years ago in college in northern California  
>beautiful lush redwood forests  
>used to go on hikes all the time  
>local dude told me to be careful because of hidden pot farms  
>apparently they put booby traps around them and will shoot trespassers  
>one day I'm deep innawoods hiking through some shallow canyons and I see what looks like a deer blind made of branches and leaves  
>sudden bad feeling. Hair standing on end.  
>Stop in my tracks and stare at it in silence for several minutes  
>seems empty and realize it's after deer season, so I cautiously approach to check it out  
>get up to it and look around it and inside. It's empty. Decide to chill out and eat my packed lunch while hanging out in it.  
>hear a weird buzzing sound like electricity or something  
>look around but can't tell where it's coming from  
>suddenly got really dizzy like I'd pounded a fifth of vodka or something  
>next thing I know I'm waking up on the ground, head hurts and I'm disoriented  
>it's nearly dark, so at least 3 hours have passed (no watch, cell was dead)  
>get up and stagger around in a circle trying to figure out wtf is going on  
>some reason there's snot coming out of my right ear, wtf  
>really freaked out and that point and decide to gtfo

>dark by the time I get back to my car.  
>still no idea wtf happened  
>had a headache for days and My right ear has been messed up ever since

Kind of a lame story, but its my only spooky innawoods experience and it still freaks me out.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [217]

Nighttime.

>be driving in my car, on my way back home from a dumb work trip  
>I really need to piss  
>thank god I'm on a forest road, lots of trees to piss behind  
>park car on the side of the road  
>walk 5 meters into the forest  
>other cars driving by on the road  
>I can't go like that, what if they see me? Stupid shy bladder.  
>walk about 50 more meters into the forest  
>PITCH BLACK  
>use my cell's flash as a flashlight  
>pick a tree, take a piss  
>aaaahhh sooo much better  
>hear a twig crack somewhere around me  
>pretty much generic forest noises, but since it's pitch black around, it can be pretty scary  
>turn around to walk back to my car  
>can't see the road through the trees  
>what? I'm not that far from the road and I saw it just fine before I started taking a piss  
>concentrate on my hearing  
>realize I can't hear any cars either, but that's impossible, it's a fairly frequented road  
>start walking back in the direction I came from

>walk for a while  
>I walked at least 200 meters now  
>start freaking out  
>finally start hearing cars again  
>see the road between trees  
>walk out of the forest, see my car  
>I walked at least 400 meters

I didn't get turned around or lost, I walked in exactly the same direction as I came from and I left the forest in the exactly same spot as I entered it, so I wasn't walking in circles.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [218]

>three weeks ago, walking in the woods alone.  
>walk by a nice hemlock tree.  
>"hear" voice in my head (it wasn't audible, but I knew that it wasn't my own thoughts somehow)

"Climb the tree."

>what? Why should

"JUST CLIMB THE TREE!"

>okay voice in my head.  
>figure that I'm going insane, so what have I got to lose.  
>climb tree.

"Wouldn't it be cool to see a Bigfoot right now?"

>sure would, voice in my head  
>at that exact moment, big bear walks by my tree. (It was during a warm spell. I guess it decided to come out of hibernation for a day. Bears do that).  
>doesn't see/smell me because animals never look up. Or at least

he didn't care about me, and wanders away slowly.  
>kind of spooked because bears are scary? Sure as hell ain't leaving my tree.

"Wait to leave until the bird comes."

>okay voice in my head.  
>moments later a chickadee lands a foot away from me on my branch, then flies.  
>nope down the tree and out of the woods.

Haven't heard the voice since, and I've never heard voices before. I don't think I'm crazy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [219]

>be 7  
>play with dad and sister in woods regularly  
>be around 6pm, getting dark  
>dad tells us to go inside like always  
>after dinner, realize I left a toy outside  
>now 8pm, pretty dark  
>I'm really scared of the dark but it's a good toy  
>try looking in bushes and under rocks  
>about to head inside, really sad I lost my toy  
>I hear a noise, probably an animal but I'm still scared  
>it's my dad walking out of the woods  
>run up to him to tell him I lost my toy  
>he looks down and just says random gibberish  
>what  
>he starts foaming at the mouth, and then collapses on the ground  
>scaredwitless.gif  
>after 10 seconds he gets up, brushes himself off and asks what I'm doing outside  
>I don't even know what to do so I just say I accidentally got

lost outside

- >he says "Ok buddy, don't do that again."
- >walks back inside house
- >find toy a week later under my bed

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [220]

- >couple weeks ago
- >live in town near fl/ga line called macclenny
- >me, bf, 3 friends go out exploring
- >go to this old greenhouse where they've all been, but I haven't
- >you can just feel the evil inside
- >walk through woods to old abandoned family house
- >go up front steps
- >feel like a mother is scolding me to stay outside
- >don't go in

2 days later:

- >me and older sister go out there, with one of our buddies from the other night
- >get to greenhouse
- >I feel people watching me, mocking and laughing
- >freezing
- >it is FLORIDA
- >sister starts coughing
- >"Sissy I can't breathe, we need to get outta here."
- >ooooookay!
- >go to old house
- >walk inside
- >feel no one there
- >feel people all around in the woods
- >their spirits must be going about their normal routine

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [221]

Here's my story. This is a few years back when I was 13 or so.

>be me  
>in Boy Scouts  
>going on a camping trip with my troop  
>It's somewhere in Connecticut, and it's far away from the other camp sites  
>get there  
>unload stuff  
>walk to site  
>start setting up stuff, put our sleeping bags in lean-to

For those who don't know, a lean to is a very small "cabin" with a roof, side and rear walls, but the front has no wall so you can see right out.

>after we collect fire wood, we get ready to sleep  
>get settled, sitting there in my sleeping bag for a while  
>all the people around me are fast asleep  
>still awake because insomnia

Also, I should say that a few meters to the left is the troop leader cabin, where the adults were sleeping.

>suddenly, everything goes quiet  
>There's a highway overpass down the trail so I can here cars all night too.  
>cars, crickets, random wood noises stop  
>dead silence  
>fog starts to form around the lean to  
>Ohgod.avi  
>loud BANG is heard from the left wall  
>I yell out  
>wakes everybody up  
>another BANG  
>kids scream

>the adult cabin lights flash on  
>another BANG  
>we all nope out of the lean to and stand around the fire pit  
>freeze in shock  
>there's a silhouette in the fog of a man holding an axe  
>one adult comes out and starts yelling at the guy to piss off and get out of here  
>other adults start running out of the cabin  
>all the kids (me included) run to another lean to, which is to the right of ours  
>guy starts screaming "WE GOT HIM!"  
>freaking loud yell  
>more screaming from adults  
>one guy takes out a gun and shoots  
>guy then runs off into the forest  
>all of the kids are huddled, terrified  
>pack up our stuff and get out  
>never go back

To this day I have no clue who the guy was. The banging was caused by the short logs that were scattered around, he was throwing them at the side. It still gives me chills thinking about it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [222]

A story my grandfather told me as a child, one that took place when he was young.

>He's 10ish  
>Lives upstate Michigan, in the middle of nowhere.  
>House is surrounded by heavy woods  
>Goes for walks through it all the time  
>One day, gets kind of lost  
>Embarrassed, (and disappointed I imagine) he begins looking for his way back  
>Getting dark

>Notices something seems to be following nearby  
>Find a familiar path back  
>Uneasy, begins to hurry back  
>Gets a ways down, almost out  
>Hears that something again  
>Turns around  
>Nothing  
>Keeps at it, the clearing up ahead  
>Something CLOSE behind him  
>Turns again  
>Fox humanoid thing standing a few feet away on path; human shape (he said it had feet, fingers, hands, and the works), fox like face  
>wut  
>It makes a raspy chuckling sound  
>It lunges towards him  
>He turns and books it down the path  
>The whole time he can hear it laughing between strides  
>Makes it out  
>It's gone  
>Never tells parents  
>Never sees it again--never walks in the woods again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [223]

>be me, around 15 at the time  
>some friends go in le woods at night for a good scare/shoot stuff with bb guns  
>we decide to play manhunt after a while  
>this is a small patch of woods btw  
>go about 100 yards up a hill  
>hide in patch of brush  
>im near a spot where there's always lawn chairs set up, but nobody is ever seen there  
>look over in that area to make sure no meth heads are there waiting to rape me

>constantly look over my shoulder toward that area  
>one time I can almost make out a man with a beard standing about 20 yards away  
>whatthe.png  
>shine flashlight over there  
>see some movement  
>but bearded man not there  
>decide to move all the while yelling at this guy (piss off, etc. Was edgy 15 year old, remember?)  
>as I'm moving I can almost make out the face of one of my friends in some brush  
>yell his name  
>nothing  
>shine flashlight in area  
>gone, but I can make out his shirt in a different patch of brush  
>go closer  
>nothings there  
>then realize I'm lost (this is a small patch of woods I'd mess around in my whole life, I know it like the back of my hand)  
>flip out and start running toward direction of my house  
>finally catch up with friends at designated meeting spot  
>"Where have you been anon? We've been yelling for you for 10 minutes."  
>never heard a single yell  
>scared witless, but afterward we got microwave corn dogs, so that made me happy

We did a ton of freaky stuff together (Ouija, exploring abandoned places, etc.) but that was by far the weirdest. Also, one friend I thought I saw while moving claimed he wasn't in that area. I'm guessing it was my crazy imagination at the time, but there have always been rumors of crazy hobos in the forest so I guess I'll never know.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

>Aus  
>Lived in the bush for most of my life till just recently  
>2 years ago  
>A few friends and I are chilling at a trail that goes into a very steep gully  
>It's night time  
>Sitting in my car listening to music quietly and talking  
>Windows down, breathing in that warm summer air  
>Keep hearing small rustling in the scrub just a few meters away  
>Friend in the passengers seat asks if we can hear the rustling  
>Say "Yeah it's probably just a wombat or fox or something... unless it's a Yowie."  
>We all chuckle and my friend goes on to say  
>"Well if it's a Yowie it better not mess with us cause I'll kill it and it's family."  
>Clearly joking, we all laugh at him being a moron  
>We keep talking for a while but I notice there's now no birds chirping, crickets or any noise for that fact  
>Feel something watching me from the bushes  
>PrimitiveSurvivalModeEngaged.exe  
>Fight or flight kicks in as I hear something big moving towards us  
>Flight it is  
>Start my car and slam it in gear  
>About to get out of there when something big smacks the back of my car  
>I'm speed all the way to the nearest car park that was well lit  
>We are all freaking out  
>Get out and inspect the damage  
>Huge scratch down the back of my car

I tell my friends about how the Aborigines I used to be friends with say you have to respect the Yowie. (If it even was one)

Now fast forward a week.

>We decide to go back there and apologize, just to be respectful  
>We go to a clearing, sit down and begin talking to whatever is

out there

- >Saying how we were sorry for disrespecting them, their land and making threats
- >Leave fruit for them as a peace offering
- >Tell them we'll be back in a few days

Fast forward a few days.

- >We go back at just before sunset
- >We go even deeper into the gully this time
- >The sun is starting to set now and we are about half way down the track
- >Talking quietly between each other
- >All of a sudden this god awful screech resonates from the bottom of the gully
- >It sounds like nothing I have ever heard and I have heard all the native animals cries (some are really messed up)
- >I know all that is down there is a big creek and hard to traverse scrub/cliffs
- >It sounds like those bigfoot screams from youtube only whatever it is sounds small and/or young
- >We stop in a clearing, my friends ask me what the hell that was
- >All I can do is shrug as I feel my adrenaline cranking, trying to play it cool
- >My friend get the great idea to do some wood knocks to see if it will respond
- >Three great knocks echo through the gully
- >Another scream but this one is deeper and much closer
- >He knocks again
- >There's silence for about 5 minutes
- >Then to the left of us, about 3 meters away in the scrub I hear something grunt
- >It sounds like a gorilla
- >Now to the right of us there's something moving in the scrub
- >What ever they are, they have us surrounded
- >My survival instincts are screaming at me by this stage but I know I can't show any weakness
- >It's really dark by this point
- >Without saying anything we all start walking back up the track

>Hear the things following us the whole way  
>Finally we get to the car  
>Get in and we are all shaking  
>About to say something but I turn on my car lights  
>4 freaking sets of eyes staring straight at us  
>Reflecting like cats' eyes  
>These things are big and staring straight at us  
>Godhasabandonedus.jpg  
>Reverse and speed out of there while my friends are swearing and yelling  
>To this day they refuse to go back there

>After that incident none of my family believe me except my sister and my girlfriend  
>My girl is pretty much a hippy/druid, loves animals, nature and all that  
>Bring up the idea of taking her to the trail to show her that Yowies exist  
>She's hesitant at first but agrees when I say we'll go during the day  
>So we end up at the trail but decide to walk into the scrub rather than down into the gully (didn't want to stumble upon a baby and piss them off)  
>We are walking and talking, generally enjoying ourselves  
>That feeling of being watched returns but it doesn't feel threatening  
>My girlfriend asks if I can feel something watching us  
>Yup  
>Keep walking and talking but now I can hear something following us quietly in the bushes  
>We finally decide to head back  
>As we turn around there's a loud knock from just a few meters away  
>We freeze in place not knowing what to do  
>Then we hear 3 loud knocks from deep within the gully  
>Well time to leave  
>About to walk away when I decide to give them one last gift  
>Pull out some fruit from my backpack and put it down on the track

>Scan the bushes for movement  
>Can't see a thing  
>We start heading back  
>Decide to have one last look  
>Turn around to see if I can see anything  
>Nothing  
>Wait where's the fruit  
>Nudge my girlfriend and she turns around and gasps  
>We make it back to the car  
>Just as we are about to leave  
>Deep scream comes from down within the gully

I haven't gone back since then, thought it'd be best to not invade their territory to much.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [225]

>be 14  
>be innawoods, rural west virginia  
>sitting by a fire  
>hear a loud scream down by the dirt road  
>maybe 60 yards off  
>nope nope nope  
>get out a flashlight  
>shine light like mad around campsite  
>nothing there  
>5spooky7me  
>friend says "Hey Anon, go check it out."  
>be idiot  
>go walking down path to dirt road slowly  
>long marks where something was dragged along the road  
>blood all over  
>nopenopenopenoperunrunrun  
>be morning  
>blood and struggle marks all gone

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [226]

>be 11  
>New Years Eve  
>very warm winter  
>friends and I decide to spend the new year out innawoods  
>walking around on some trails  
>moon is shining through trees  
>peaceful  
>get to a swampy area of woods  
>trees get thicker, much less light  
>flashlights.gif  
>makes things spookier  
>youngest friend wants to turn back  
>unanimously agree  
>begin heading back  
>come to fork in trail  
"Guys, which way did we come from?"  
>friggin' lost innawoods  
>we choose a trail at random  
>after a while, trail gets thinner and forest scrub gets denser  
>it's getting colder too  
>we're all tired, really want to go home and sleep  
>just as second youngest friend begins to suggest we turn  
back again, we hear it  
>low moan  
>sounds a bit like someone exhaling forcefully  
>skincrawling.jpg  
>nope all the way back to the fork  
>very aware that we are being watched  
>nope faster  
>yellow eyes peeking out from behind trees  
>NOPE  
>friend in front of me stops suddenly  
>DUDE GO GO GO  
"Anon LOOK"

>one in center of trail  
>shine flashlight on it  
>still tall  
>still skinny  
>still terrifying  
>looks like the darkest shadow ever seen to man, even with lights on it  
>start throwing things at it  
>rocks, snowballs, sticks etc  
>passes through it  
>it slowly raises its long, skinny arm  
>points at us  
>disappears  
>we're all crying at this point  
>unbearably cold woods  
>nope all the way home  
>didn't sleep that night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [227]

I live in a very rural part of New England and let me tell you, the woods are a very large part of who we are out here.

Me and my friends have had many adventures but one of the most interesting one's wasn't really paranormal, but maybe it was.

There's a really old chunk of land which was cleared out to build a reservoir and a lot of people were displaced because of it. The company in charge simply bought everyone out and then created the reservoir to help supply Boston.

Well there's some local legends that state not everyone left and some people took to living out in the woods. So we snuck in one night with plans to travel to one of the islands that got created, we had an old map of the way the town was situated prior to

being flooded and decided to try to find the ruins of some of the old buildings that are rumored to exist on the untouched islands (the reservoir itself is open to the public mind you but people are not allowed onto the islands). So, in the dead of night we managed to get in, hide our car, and drag our raft to the shore where we made it to the island.

There, we began exploring a bit but it was dark and one of my friends began to pitch the tent. Three of us went off and found the remnants of the old church that stood there. We found some pretty interesting stuff but nothing shocking or scary until late, late, LATE at night when we were sitting around the campsite talking in our sleeping bags. A light flashed through the woods. We thought that maybe some of the park patrol had spotted our car and the trail the raft had made in the sand and were coming to look for us so we stayed low and kept quiet. We waited but the light didn't move or get any closer so one of my friends got out of the sleeping back and started creeping towards the source. The light was coming from another uninhabited islands and didn't appear to be coming from any particular place... it shone for about an hour until the sun started to peak up and disappeared.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [228]

>be 14  
>in the woods with uncle and father checking out some newly bought property in Oregon  
>thick woods but not impossible to navigate  
>see a nice sunny clearing In the distance  
>get to the clearing, it's nice and grassy  
>on the far end is a dead tree stump about 12 feet tall  
>skulls nailed to it. All sorts of skulls deer, cow, and a ton I didn't recognize.  
>behind the stump a pile of woman's shoes  
>we all kinda nope out of there

Uncle built a house on the land, never encountered anything related to our discovery.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [229]

Well there IS something in West Germany.

>every year I am going to a convention on Castle Blankenhein  
>it's pretty much surrounded with forest  
>around every day I am going for a walk in the forest, I follow the "Tiergarten" street and after around 100 meters I go off road and just go wherever I want  
>actually its a nice forest, very bright on the days some elevation here and there very natural  
>but something is a bit odd  
>as I was going in there for the first time in 2007, not far from the Tiergarten road there is a place around 1000 square meters where are little shacks built with sticks everywhere. Some are really good, with a roof that would provide protections from rain, some are very crappy and can be thrown over with a kick against it and some were just at the beginning with only a few sticks lying around.  
>overall very amateurish, most likely some kids have done it.  
Shrug it and go back to my convention  
>next day I go for a walk again and go back to that place  
>huh  
>someone has smashed all the stuff and rebuilt it on different places.  
>same pattern and everything, some were really good, some not, and the remaining were just a few stick leaning on a tree.  
>"Why would someone do that?"  
>looking around  
>on the ground there were thousands of sticks in all kinds of sizes, big or small, thick or thin, they covered the ground pretty much up.  
>After some inspection I saw practically all of them were used a

lot of times.

>Find it a bit suspicious but well, people may be weird here  
>go back to my guys  
>for the following days I go into the forest for my daily walk and looked at the place here and there  
>every day there were new shacks. The others were always torn to the ground and other have been set up on other trees.  
>Some of them even has a little yard with little stones that marked the border, inside the yard everything was cleaned.  
>wtf what are those people doing around here?  
>every single year after that when I go to the convention I firstly look into the forest and for every year it has been the same. They were built up, torn up and rebuilt on another place the next day.  
>Took some friends I made there with me and they were all like wtf  
>never saw anybody building anything

Fast forward to 2011:

>still everything is the same  
>around 5pm I do my daily walk and yeah, same thing.  
>on the last day of the convention me and a friend were sitting outside the castle talking about something.  
>suddenly we hear a faint woman scream out of the forest  
>"Wtf, did you hear that?" "yeah..."  
>could be a vixen but we decide to look ourselves  
>9pm now, its dark and we took some more guys with us to be sure.  
>I am the only one who has at least some orientation in the forest because of my daily walk.

>Smartphone GPS are refusing to work in the forest  
>"Yeah, I go forward, at least I know the position of those damn shacks, I can use them as orientation."  
>go into the forest  
>immediately lost orientation because those are new freaking shacks  
>search around for a bit, but didn't find anything suspicious  
>go to bed

>7am next day  
>first thing I am doing is walk into the damn forest  
>I was right, these ARE new shacks.

The thing I never understand is... It goes dark there at around 6.30 pm. I was in the forest at 5pm and again at 9 pm.

So... someone (or a group of people) would have torn down around 20 of those stick shacks, moved the wood a bit around and rebuilt them in a four hours timeframe, at dawn for no obvious reason whatsoever.

Something is very wrong with the forest or the people that are living around it.

And I know it isn't exactly creepy, but it is something that doesn't make any sense. There is no kindergarten around it, no school for slow people who make that as some kind of therapy, absolutely nothing. And that rebuilding still happens to this day, for every day at least since 2007.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [230]

>Be younger me, on trip to Northern Ontario  
>Be cocky, think I don't need to obey the rules about walking in the woods  
>Drive to little trail on the roadside alone  
>Middle of the day so not worried about anything  
>Walking along a fairly flat section of path  
>Hear sound of wood hitting wood a ways behind me  
>weird but whatever  
>Keep walking  
>Hear it again  
>Response from ahead of me  
>Okay, what is going on

>Look up ahead, could swear I see something furry quickly dash behind a big rock  
>Another wood sound from ahead  
>Response from behind, closer this time  
>Turn around and see another flash of movement from behind  
>"It's an ambush."  
>Really uneasy, feel like I'm surrounded  
>Trail is a big loop, closer to the entrance  
>Go to grab stones from the ground to throw  
>See a second thing move ahead of me  
>At least two ahead of me, one behind  
>NOPE  
>Turn around and book it for the car  
>Flap my jacket to look big, yell, and throw stuff into the woods and behind me as I go  
    >Hear a lot of cracking in the woods but they don't seem to be chasing me  
>Get to car  
>Once I'm inside I stop to breathe  
>Hear grunting and growling from woods  
>Too scared to even look  
>Stick comes flying out of the woods and lands on the hood  
>Nope right out of there  
>Parents don't believe me, angry I went alone

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Northern Ontario is a mysterious place. I own land up there. I always get uneasy feelings and feel like I'm always being watched, studied or looked at despite next to no animals or people near my land.

I inherited it because of my family, I'm half native.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

>I live on a lane fairly isolated from the main road, in a clearing surrounded by trees  
>the moon provided ample light, so I stayed outside later than usual  
>I was sitting next to the duck pen, trying to light a Sprite bottle I impaled on a stick  
>as soon as there's a fire, I hear this screech  
>it's like a ray gun warbling and scream simultaneously  
>put out the light and quietly make my way back to the house

I've never heard anything like it. My dog was barking at something in the woods a few hours later.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [232]

>be at a summer camp back in high school  
>2 weeks in the middle of Vesuvius Virginia  
>Middle of nowhere  
>Beautiful area though in the George Washington National Forest, Adams Peak Wilderness  
>It's the night after the ghost stories.  
>We have boy's and girl's cabins and they have the bunks faced away from screen windows  
>back is either to the road of the camp or the woods  
>feel something really foreboding that night while trying to sleep, like if I close my eyes I won't open them again.  
>I know this feel, it's usually just that, a feeling.  
>The stories for the camp are pretty standard: you have the swamp monster [I can tell this story if you want] and the camp cook who was stabbed with a meat hook  
>Except, the people in this story exist. There are photos.  
>The alcoholic cook who was stabbed through did actually die and they did find alcohol bottles during renovations of the kitchen roof.  
>He was actually really nice with the campers while he was there, and the story describes encounters with what might be his

ghost. [Can also tell this story]

>He was also a musician and would play the pipe reed organ in the dining hall and a harmonica near the medical building.

>Trying to sleep while listening to the woods

>Probably about midnight or later now, still no sleep.

>Did not hear any footsteps on the gravel road.

>Organ music starts playing for a good minute.

>Fades in and out.

>NOPE.mp4

>Barely sleep that night, waking up I ask some other campers about it.

>A few remember hearing it

>It was definitely not a counselor because I heard NO footsteps that night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [233]

>live innawoods

>night

>opened window with mosquito net

>trying to get some sleep

>hear cat meowing in distance

>I thought it was odd because nobody anywhere nearby owns cat

>cat starts meowing louder

>suddenly starts screaming and running towards the open window

>starts jumping at the window as in trying to get in

>only mosquito net between me and the cat

>lie scared witless

>don't want to know what the cat looks like or what it would do if it gets inside

>sounds like the cat is lit on fire or something

>only one cat, can tell because I could hear only 1 cat running

>suddenly it all stops

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [234]

>1987  
>was 26  
>camping with friends and cousin by Taylors Falls, MN  
>playing hide and seek in woods at night  
>rules were if you were found you had to go back to camp  
>there were 11 people total, 7 had been found 1 was seeking  
>she was still hiding with two others, but not together  
>her cousin was it  
>her and the 2 others didnt get found for a while so they all head back to camp wondering why cousin stopped looking  
>cousin tells them she saw someone standing in the moonlight with arms crossed, standing straight  
>went to tag them  
>her arms went through them  
>runs back to camp  
>about 15 minutes later, after all not being found the 3 people return to camp  
>listen to cousin's story  
>mom saw the same person, thought it was someone being dumb

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [235]

>be 2 years ago  
>be 17  
>all cool and stuff exploring woods with best friend  
>around 9pm  
>dark  
>kinda got lost but we thought we were heading in the right direction  
>walking for a straight hour  
>suddenly smell burning

>immediately think forest fire  
>pick up the pace  
>friend says he can't see whatever we think is burning  
>the scent gets stronger and stronger as we venture longer  
>stop for a break, scent still strong  
>hear twigs and leaves cracking, someone is near  
>through the dim moonlight we see another man coming closer to us  
>we kinda panic and yell at him for help  
>keeps walking up and the scent is now flooding the area  
>stops dead in his tracks  
>he's like 30 yards from us  
>his eyes emit a dim yellow glow  
>smell is like the whole place is on fire  
>making eye contact with me and friend he starts walking backward into the forest and doesnt break eye contact until we can't see his eyes anymore  
>my friend pissed himself

We got out of the woods and into a clearing like 2 hours later and eventually found our car. Parents were pissed and no one believed our account. I'm in North East Texas if anyone can explain or relate to this.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [236]

>Be 17/16/15. I can't remember.  
>Be walking through woods with my friends.  
>These woods are the nicest woods ever.  
>We find a sheep/goat skull on a post.  
>My old friend picks it up and throws it on the ground.  
>He jumped on it.  
>The sound that the skull made as it was crushed.  
>Felt like we were being watched until we left.

The whole park is lovely and the woods in the surrounding area

are nice too. One time, I was doing volunteer work there and one of the groundskeepers pretty much said that they often find corpses hanging from trees, or in their reservoirs. There's some genuinely creepy places in and around the park that I would hate to have to go at night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [237]

>out squirrel hunting with dad and veteran grandpa  
>me and grandpa go one the west (maybe east? idk) side of a ridge, and dad goes to the other  
>I see a squirrel nest, me and g'pa shoot  
>miss  
>laugh about it  
>dad comes up thinking we killed some lunch  
>looks at us, then looks up at tree (we turned around, trees is to our back)  
>he, mouth agap, shoots above us  
>me and g'pa army-dive down  
>roll around'  
>see a camo-looking birchbark colored, kinda camouflaged THING (looks like dobby with 4" claws) climb up the tree in a spiraling upwards manor  
>it jumps trees like it aint no thing  
>me and dad scramble-egg out  
>g'pa stays and keeps firing  
>we bolt out of the woods, and turn around  
>see g'pa running like a 35 year old marathon runner  
>get into truck  
>leave  
>get traditional beer and cola ('cause I was 13)

Right before we got home, g'pa tells me the woods are mostly safe, however, I should forget that I saw that thing. I get the impression that he ran into it several times, and that it just watches him( and us)

whenever we hunt and kill.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [238]

>Be me, 24 years old.  
>Avid mountain biker in Europe.  
>Head out on a less traveled trail with a friend.  
>We're having a blast, tricky terrain but fun.  
>Starts getting dark, we've been out for hours.  
>Start to make way back to car, it's dusk.  
>Start hearing a faint piano play.  
>What? Think it might be a cabin somewhere.  
>Continue to hear the faint music, classic piano slightly off key.  
No clue what song.  
>No matter where we go, how far away we were, we continued to  
hear it faintly.  
>Both kinda freaked out, it's getting darker and darker.  
>Kinda concerned that maybe we ventured too far to find our way  
back at night.  
>It's dark, my friend has the only light.  
>That music is still playing on repeat, slightly off key and in the  
distance.  
>We heard it over an hour ago, yet it's the same and we still hear  
it.  
>Eventually figure out where we are, get to the car and  
disassemble our bikes.  
>Music is getting LOUDER.  
>Both of us working like mad to get our bikes in the trunk.  
>Finally get in the car and tear out of there.

We never went back and never figured out what the music was or  
came from. Had a real eerie tone to it, like an old piano that  
hasn't been played for a long time. At first we could barely hear it.  
Every time we'd stop, we'd hear it though.

The last ten minutes was the freakiest. It got louder, I'm sitting

here with goosebumps just writing about it.

I ride a GT, my friend has a Trek. This happened in Norway in a forest centuries old.

(Pic related but not at the same time.)



\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

>be me, 8 years old  
>parents force me into a woodsy girls' summer camp, forced to go in lakes and touch trees and all that garbage  
>last day of camp we go on a REAL camping trip  
>sneaks gameboy color  
>begins to rain as SOON as the tents are up  
>everyone is bored  
>winner.jpg  
>game HARD while other kids moan and groan  
>camp counselor A goes out to unlock the camp building and set up a space for us to sleep, grabs umbrella because it's raining hard  
>15 minutes later  
>we hear her outside, relieved  
>she has trouble with the zipper so we unzip it for her  
>she's SOAKED, no umbrella  
>head counselor B is concerned, asks her is she's okay  
>"F\*\*king lock."  
>some kids do that oooOOOOO thing, most just stare  
>she repeats it, same tone of voice and everything  
>weirded out  
>B decides to walk us back, puts a blanket around the A and holds her to keep her warm  
>wake up the other tents and set off  
>we walk back to the camp, A occasionally murmurs gibberish, B is rushing and worried  
>the lights are on in the building  
>door is unlocked  
>A collapses, head counselor catches her and the others hurry us inside  
>"You're back already?"  
>it's the A, walking in from the other room  
>NOPE.AVI  
>loud noises from outside  
>B is bolting after "A" in blanket, the other counselors are FLIPPING OUT  
>watch B chase, then give up, then walk back  
>B hasn't seen A yet and freaks

>we lock the doors and call 911  
>we aren't allowed to hear the conversation  
>everyone is scared/bored  
>I still have gameboy color

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [240]

So, this happened last August, and I still don't quite know what to make of it.

>closest bro and I sitting on the roof of my car having a bro-talk  
>just outside the forest at the edge of town  
>LOTS AND LOTS of deer roam around there. People are pretty friendly with them, so they like the neighbourhoods at the edge of town  
>4 or 5 deer derping around on the other side of the road  
>bro and I look over, and there's a pale, bony, naked, hairless man (skinwalker?) just staring at them  
>he turns his head slowly to us, and lets out a huge grin  
>polite smile and nod, figure he's just a drunk  
>he turns his attention back to the deer  
>nearest one is about 20 feet away from him  
Then he just darts for it. I've never seen a living thing move as fast as this man. The buck barely even had time to flinch.  
>the man FREAKING TEARS one of the buck's antlers off  
>WHAT THE ABSOLUTE HELL  
>he mangles the buck in the face with its antler  
>other hand digging into the buck's neck so it can't escape  
>like seriously  
>he had pressed his fingers INTO its neck!  
>he raises a fist all the way back, and punches through the deer's ribcage  
>let me repeat that  
>THROUGH the deer's ribcage!

My bro and I were petrified. Our butts were glued to the car, our

jaws were fully dropped, and we couldn't stop staring.

>the pale figure digs his arms into the deer  
>he unhinges his jaws like a snake and starts cramming flesh and organs in  
>in seconds the guy is covered head-to-toe in blood  
>he lifts up the entire deer and slams it into the ground  
>it split into two pieces and what was left of its guts splattered out in between  
>the figure walks back under the streetlight

Bro and I were unable to move, shivering with terror. The figure just smiled at us, and walked into the woods.

We called the police. They saw the two halves of the deer carcass (slammed into the ground so hard it left a dent), and got ahold of us the next day saying they didn't know what to make of it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [241]

> Walking through the woods in rural North Florida.  
> So freaking hot.  
> Take a break.  
> Sit on a kudzu covered rock.  
> Letting "scenery" wash over me.  
> Notice odd bumps all over the kudzu covered ground.  
> Get up.  
> Walk around.  
> Poke bumps with my walking stick.  
>...a bunch of stones?  
> OHGOD.EXE  
> Old Confederate cemetery, anon.  
> Hear a horse whinney.  
> Noooope.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [242]

>innawoods at a local place  
>come across a waterfront shack  
>exploring around  
>small collection of bones and skulls  
>looks like a fox skull  
>play with it until my friend tells me I'm sick and makes me put it back  
>shack was locked, used frequently, had a boatlaunch  
>plastic lawnchair next to the marsh  
>same place  
>has a burned-down church  
>abandoned wooden boats all over the place  
>scattered around in the middle of the woods and left to rot  
>look to have been there twenty years or so  
>just in random places, even offtrail, nowhere near the water  
>get to one section, looks like three cylindrical cement structures, no roof. About 8 ft tall by 14 across, maybe.  
>low roofed rectangular structure subdivided into cells  
>roof is half falling through on it  
>I-beam through a tree, tree is alive and kicking.  
>not an area with any hurricanes or tornadoes or anything  
>no idea how this I-beam got through a tree  
  
>different place, back when I was a kid  
>took dog for walks  
>would always find deer and animal carcasses  
>found a fox skeleton once  
>no where else have I found as many carcasses as at that place  
    >a kid died there a few years later

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [243]

>live in Finland  
>always have lived near forests  
>1999 or so  
>8 year old me with my friends in the woods after dark with our flashlights because we thought it was cool  
>move all around and tell spooky stories  
>a bunker from the second world war  
>oh man  
>decide to look inside. Could practically smell the gunpowder  
>we stay there and start to roleplay that we are in a war  
>some stay in the bunker while others go out to play as the Russians  
>notice a REALLY tall guy slumping in the woods  
>think it's just two friends piggybacking  
>yell "HALT"  
>he stops and I hear a growling from it  
>everyone comes out to look at him (even the Russians who the others found)  
>we look at the tall guy for a while until it points at us  
>we nope out of there like Speedy Gonzales  
>still afraid to walk in the woods when it's dark

It was so... bizarre.

Mass illusion or just wild imaginations? We all saw it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [244]

>Be maybe 9 or 10  
>Have woods next to my house, goes into this field behind my neighbor's house, then up a hill into the woods behind condos, all next to a pond  
>Nice place to play around in, either by myself or with friends  
>Go out there by myself all the time  
>One day I cross the field, look up at the hill

>At the top of the hill there's this figure standing there  
>Looking right in my direction  
>Can't make him out, he's tall, but he has this long grey sweatshirt on, hood covering his face, black hair coming out of the hood  
>Feel strangely frightened, felt like he was waiting for me  
>Turn around and run home  
>Frightened of the woods now, never go back in

Last time I posted this plenty of anons pointed out he might have lived in the condos and watched me and my friends play in the woods and then waited for me.

Probably just being silly but I still can't shake that weird feeling I had.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [245]

>summer, go visit father's friends  
>I'm with my mother and my older brother, we're speaking with father's friends' kid  
>they live in a wooden house, close to a forest. they're not isolated though, lots of ppl live in the area  
>have lunch and some small talk  
>whatever, decide to have a walk before the sun goes down  
>older brother, kid and his mother join me  
>we follow kid's mother because they know the area  
>walk through the forest for an hour or so, finally arrive to some clearing with a small creek and a wooden feeder  
>kid's mother says some couple built the feeder to attract animals and sometimes deers can be seen  
>sit on the grass, hidden behind some trees to see if we can see some animals  
>obviously not gonna happen  
>it's getting dark, so we decide to head back  
>10 minutes in it's completely dark but mother and kid have

some flashlights

- >we're not scared, I'm actually enjoying the night walk
- >suddenly hear some footsteps in the distance
- >we keep quiet. not because we're scared but because kid's mother says it could be her husband and wants to scare him
- >well, woman you stupid, you have your flashlight on
- >anyway, it's not her husband, it's a random man walking in the woods alone and without any source of light
- >walks very slowly and keeps staring at us the whole time
- >as we walk next to him, he turns his head to avoid losing eye contact
- >older brother says something like 'What are you looking at?'
- >kid's mother tells me to look at him
- >turn around to see the man walking backwards, still staring at us
- >kid keeps pointing at him with the flashlight until the man disappears in the dark
- >even in the shades we can still see him walking backwards
- >we all start walking at the same time
- >the man didn't do anything to us, but he didn't seem normal
- >kid's mother tells us to hurry up because she wants to go back home asap
- >finally arrive home
- >for what I hear, that's not the first time the family has seen the weird man and he always behaves the same way

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [246]

- >Be walking my dog
- >Hiked out to these trails by the old middle school
- >Went about 2 miles in
- >Dead silent
- >Start to get a really creepy feeling, to the point where it makes me anxious
- >Dog is usually pretty calm
- >Looks to the east and starts flipping out

>I've never heard him growl and bark so hard before  
>Nothing ends up being there  
>I wanna go back and explore deeper

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [247]

>go for a nature walk  
>like to go pretty far off the grid, really get away from it all  
>kinda foggy out, little creepy but I almost like it  
>we silent hill now  
>keep walking on my usual trail when I come across a log  
dragged across the path  
>it's too perfect, couldn't have fallen like that on its own  
>hair on my neck goes up, something isn't right  
>hand on my knife when I feel something like a softball hit  
against my backpack  
>turn around and see a severed fox's head  
>what the heck is happening  
>look up in the direction I think it came from, just in time for a  
severed owl's head to come soaring down  
>dodge it and back up a little, scanning the tree line that was  
on a hill over looking my path  
>see two figures in the mist, gearing up for another throw  
>gather some rocks and start returning fire, I played baseball  
so I was much more accurate  
>they duck and cover out of sight I wait a minute and then run  
away  
>as I'm going, another fox head flies by me, some of the blood  
got on my shirt it was so close  
>sprint up the trail, stop to catch my breath and look back to  
see what the hell just happened  
>there was a 3rd figure in the treeline that was behind me, all  
3 of them were starting at me  
>realize they were trying to get me to back up right into him  
>run home, never looking back  
>told my friend's dad (sheriff's deputy), he informs me of an

attempted murder in those woods and the guy got two of his fingers cut off in the struggle

>still like going for nature walks, just not alone

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [248]

>12 years old  
>with my friends after a sleepover  
>Decide to go for a journey in the woods by my house  
>about 9AM  
>We are just walking through the woods, I'm getting a little uneasy  
>"What's the matter anon?"  
>"I think we should go back."  
>"No way, we are just getting started."  
>give in to peer pressure  
>We find alot of trash in this one area and a chair  
>looks like some people were partying  
>no biggie  
>a few seconds later we stumble upon what looks like a makeshift home  
>now I'm getting creeped out  
>a bunch of trash and crap around the home/shack  
>no, NOW I'm getting creeped out  
>my friends think its cool  
>gotta get some new friends  
>We hang around it a bit, just kinda wondering what it is  
>we get bored with it decide to walk away  
>thank god  
>all of a sudden hear a loud "RAUGHHHH"  
>it is definitely a middle aged man's voice  
>at this point I'm running faster than Usain Bolt  
>I have literally never been more afraid  
>as I'm running I try to look back and see who's chasing us  
>I don't see anything  
>I just keep running

>friend loses his shoe  
>run past him, after all he wanted to keep exploring  
>finally get to a clearing with a couple houses at the edge of the woods  
>my friends comes out last  
>claims he saw who was chasing us  
>It was an old guy with a large grey beard  
>finally think we are safe  
>hear another loud "RAUGHHHH"  
>continue running to the end of the street  
>finally get on the main street in town  
>walk home  
>eat waffles and tell everyone that we got chased by a cannibal hobo

I still don't know who that was who was chasing us or why he was, but it still creeps me out. This is in Haskell, NJ if anyone was wondering.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [249]

>be around 10, living in western PA  
>go up to visit my uncle and his kids in their cabin in a very rural part of the state  
>it's a nice cabin but it's basically in the middle of the woods  
>go on a walk with a bunch of my cousins and my mom on the gravel road that goes past their house  
>notice something bright pink in the woods  
>it's a house  
>not just any house, though, the thing looks like one of those weird houses from those fairy tale village sections in amusement park, and in this one's case it looks like a big pink mushroom  
>stop and stare at it for a few minutes and ask my cousins where it came from  
>nobody has a clue and they don't look too interested  
>suddenly I see a shadow move past one of the windows

>someone is in there  
>no one wants to investigate, that or they got too creeped out, because they want to go back to the cabin

I don't know what happened to it, but it disappeared when I went back a couple years later.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [250]

>Small and eerie hidden graveyard by my house, half in the woods  
>Lots of unmarked graves and decaying tombstones  
>Wandering around it with a friend one day  
>Hear chuckle (Or some sort of whispering, don't completely remember)  
>lolwut  
>Continue playing -- whatever we were doing  
>All of a sudden, loud as hell raspy neighing sound coming from the wooded section of the graveyard  
>Loud as hell, sounds like dead horse speaking in latin or something  
>NO  
>Flip out and get out of there  
>Never go back

I live around the area now. I kind of want to go back there and just check it out.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [251]

>round about 2008  
>7~ish at night in winter  
>windows open because it's hot in my room

>playing Runescape  
>telly to lumby, so I look outside  
>a thin white figure is innawoods  
>wtf.jpg  
>watch it for a little  
>it starts to walk  
>hang out window to see better  
>walks about 6 feet  
>drops onto all fours  
>Slinks through the trees  
>pulls itself upright  
>walks a bit more  
>run to aunt's bathroom to see better  
>it slinks a bit more  
>gone

Went out the next morning... the ground was bare where it was moving the night before, even though it had snowed. Other than that, there's been some screaming or hollering in the woods, but that's it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [252]

>Taking a long hike on the Appalachian trail  
>Not doing the whole thing just a part of it because its a nice day  
>About an hour and a half into the hike and I haven't seen anyone  
>I reach the top of a pretty big hill but I'm still not too tired  
> I decide to continue the hike  
>About 5 minutes later I hear something, like leaves in the wind  
>The problem was that it wasn't all that windy  
>A moment later I hear what sounded to me like a whisper  
>I immediately yell out "Who's there"?  
>I hear what sounds like another quiet whisper followed by complete silence.  
> I leave the woods as fast as I can

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

I live in the appalachian part of Kentucky and I hear whispers and giggles in the woods from time to time, things like sound like to excited, happy children talking but you can't make out words. It can get pretty creepy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [253]

>Camping with Boy Scouts  
>In the NJ Pine Barrens  
>we play capture the flag with glow sticks at night  
>find a great field near the camp site  
>get tagged out  
>the 'jail' is well back into the trees  
>it's pitch dark back here  
>by myself  
>keep looking around  
>it's too quiet  
>I was pretty young  
>not totally over fear of the dark  
>this is something more  
>try to chill out  
>look up at the moon  
>something flies over the trees  
>shaped like a bat, but way bigger  
>like 10 ft. wingspan  
>adamantly refuse to go away from the clearing the rest of the night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [254]

I have a few from Australia, all happened in the same area of bushland.

>be walking on gravel trail, super dense bush either side  
>stop at a nice shady spot before a bend in the trail to have a smoke  
>15 minutes pass  
>hear footsteps in the gravel around the bend, definitely bipedal  
>can't see the trail there because the bush is too thick  
>they get closer and closer  
>I kick the gravel a bit to let them know that I'm there, so they don't come round the corner and get surprised or whatever  
>footsteps stop as soon as I make noise  
>get up and have a look around the bend  
>nothing  
>no one  
>whowasfootsteps.jpg

There's no way they could have moved off the trail in the 15 seconds between me kicking the gravel and looking around the bend. Definitely wasn't a roo or anything either, as I didn't hear it move off into the bush (roos are noisy).

>be 15 or 16 year old me  
>ride my bmx bike to a small set of jumps and berms built deep innawoods  
>have to get off and cross swamps and stuff to get there  
>my third time there  
>as soon as I get there I can feel that something isn't right  
>feel like I'm being watched, do a few laps of the little track anyway  
>stop for a drink of water  
>suddenly a massive feeling of fear hits me  
>See something black and roughly 3ft high on the ground about 20m in front of me  
>it moves left to right through the undergrowth, covering about 10m of bush in about 1 second  
>NOPE on out of there and never go back

It didn't move like any sort of animal, it seemed to glide through the undergrowth. I tried to convince myself that it was all a trick of the light or shadows or something, but another experience I had with these creatures in a nearby area made me change my mind on that.

>about 18 years old  
>love fishing, go fishing every weekend rain, hail or shine  
>hear about a spot up a creek that is only accessible at low tide, and is supposed to be crazy for flathead on a full moon  
>letsgo.jpg  
>go out there with 2 friends and a girl I was keen on at the time  
>it's about a 15 minute walk through mud and sand, including a 10m wade through waist deep water  
>this is all in Hervey Bay, Queensland so there are sharks everywhere and a very real chance of a croc being around  
>fish for about two hours, and it's terrible, only small whiting and a few shovelnoses  
>decide to explore the sand flats a bit before the tide changes and we have to leave  
>find a small trail into the mangroves, about a metre wide  
>standing about 10m from it  
>suddenly something about 3ft high runs incredibly fast from the sandflats into the trail  
>everyone says that it looked like a troll, only half joking, decide it must be a feral pig or dog

We ended up leaving about half an hour later but:

>girl I was keen on forgot her phone  
>go back with her to look for it, hoping to get in her good books if we find it  
>she thinks she must have dropped it while we were exploring  
>go back to the sand flats near the trail, suddenly she stops dead in her tracks and I hear her gasp  
>there is an animal standing in front of us, clearly illuminated by the full moon  
>about a 3ft high, completely covered in hair, arms down past its

knees

>it runs on two legs up the trail in the mangroves  
>run as fast as we can out of there

I spoke to a local aboriginal elder about it later, and he told me that it was a junjudee, which is basically a small yowie-like creature. There is barely any information online about these things, but I did find an anecdotal reference to 'mangrove men' living in north Queensland which resemble what I saw.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [255]

>Hunting wild pigs on my friends property  
>Got my trusty rifle, my friend has a 12 gauge  
>Not many pigs out today but that's a good thing  
>In some very dense bush  
>Movement coming from our 11 o'clock  
>We stop still in case it's a pig cause they dangerous yo  
>Suddenly more movement from our 2 o'clock  
>More than 1? this will be tricky  
>Silence  
>Suddenly hear a pig squeal like nothing I've heard before  
>Ear burstingly loud  
>Hear a lot of noise coming from the pigs direction like there's a fight  
>Maybe 2 males fighting  
>Decide to move closer to try and get them both  
>We edge up quietly  
>One final squeal actually gave me goosebumps  
>Then there was a loud thump  
>I take point and move closer  
>We find the pig  
>Mfw its neck had been snapped  
>Mfw its jaw looked like it had been broken open  
>Mfw its guts were sliding out of a hole in its stomach

We heard something grunt and walk off deeper into the scrub.  
I just hope it was only a wild man or something.  
Jesus.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [256]

>dad be in the army  
>stationed in germany right after Vietnam ended, just an MP on a base  
>gets call from local area of a weird sound coming from the dark German woods  
>gets there, hum is extremely loud electrical hum like a power station  
>herds of deer and rabbits and all sorts of animals are GTFO'ing the forest and huddling together  
>dad goes is with army dudes  
>search and search until eventually my dad finds a tree stump surrounded by candles  
>look inside tree stump, dead cat inside a bag, some sort of letter  
>as soon as it's disturbed, the noise stops, everything returns to normal

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [257]

>be me about 15  
>spending the night at grandpa's house  
>some woods behind his house  
>start hearing noises down there  
>motion sensor light on back door turns on  
>what is that!?  
>pass it off as deer (they get lots of them)  
>later, walking by door and hear a distinct "psst"  
>wherestheshotgun.jpg

>me and grandpa go outside with guns and flashlights  
>about to surprise attack someone  
>no one there, but we see footprints  
>grandpa puts down gun to investigate  
>gun goes off!  
>what the... the safety was on!  
>bullet shot the head off a little statue in the yard  
>we both nope to the gun safe and I sleep with shoes on

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [258]

>be 3 or 4 summers ago  
>friend calls me up, wants to go fishing  
>nothingoutoftheordinary.jpeg  
>get off work at about 9pm  
>meet him at his house, pick him up  
>says there's a good fishing spot his dad told him about  
>fishing spot is ~30 miles away  
>living in rural wisconsin, this is fine  
>we follow directions, come to a dead end  
>friend calls his dad, dad says it's about 1 mile walk straight through the woods  
    >me and friend walk through the woods, uphill, downhill, over rocks, etc.  
        >getting nervous, we check the compass.  
        >compass doesn't move. at all.  
        >getting a little late, we decide forget it  
        >we turn around to see a little albino mink standing right in our way  
            >both of us freak out, were not expecting that  
            >1 hour later we get back to the car (2 hour walk total)  
            >hear a groan from the woods just behind us  
            >figure it's a bear or something, so we jump in the car  
            >as soon as we start the engine, something smacks the car on the trunk HARD  
                >we freak out, scream, and gun it out of there

>about 50 feet down the dirt road we see something  
>next to a "dead end" sign  
>someone standing, as tall as the 8' sign, bright orange eyes,  
huge head  
>it turns quickly and runs into the woods  
>never go into the woods again without my .357

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [259]

>Be me, 11  
>Camping  
>Cousins are best friends at the time, Sam and Dan.  
>Go "exploring" one night  
>Get lost  
>Too dark to use the landscape to find our way back.(The woods  
look MUCH different in the dark than in the light.)  
>Decide not to yell for help in fear of attracting  
wolves/bears/parents yelling at us.  
>Hear a gentle voice say "This way"  
>Did you guys hear that?  
>Anon you're making stuff up shut up.  
>decide to convince them to go towards the voice  
>Hear rustling ahead  
>NOPE  
>all 3 of us take off  
>end up back at camp after few minutes of sprinting.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [260]

>Had a fire the other night with friends  
>good times until midnight  
>strange cry from woods  
>one friend Eagle Scout, myself avid woodsman

>can't identify cry, like the begining of a woman's scream  
>not a fox, rabbit or any other animal in the area  
>keeps sounding and coming closer  
>hear it down the hill from us, small hill  
>have spade, ready to swing it  
>heavy footfalls very close to us in dark  
>full moon last night, didn't see anywhere where the sound was coming from  
>cry happens again right behind us where more firewood is  
>friends nope out of there

I scoured the woods this morning and found a squirrel, rabbit and coyote tone to pieces along the path whatever was screaming but no tracks or any explanation.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [261]

>On a year 8 camp  
>In a man made forest camping it out with my class and another class  
>Orienteering/hiking and what not  
>The night before we change camp sites  
>Wake up needing to piss  
>Fumble around in my tent trying not to wake anyone  
>Eventually get outside and walk a ways from the tent  
>After I was done I started walking back to the tent  
>Heard a branch snap from the tree-line  
>Look over but can't see into the forest  
>Must've just been a loose branch  
>Start walking back to the tent again  
>Suddenly another branch snaps  
>Frozen in fear  
>Hear what sounds like a boar exhale  
>There are no animals in this forest.jpg  
>Climb back into my tent  
>Trying to close the zip but fumbling like an idiot

>I take one last look at the tree line

>See something tall and pale skinned walk behind a tree

I tried to fall back asleep but something kept walking near our tents.

It wasn't loud or anything, my senses were just in overdrive.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [262]

>Live innawoods with elderly parents

>Go upstairs about an hour ago to make a homemade pizza

>Dad and mom are sleeping, both deaf so they can't hear me crashing around

>As I'm putting the pizza tray into the oven, I notice someone my dad's size approach me from behind

>Close oven and say "Hi, dad", while cleaning up oversprinkled cheese

>Don't hear a reply so I turn my head

>No one is there

>Whatever, I see things out of the corner of my eye all the time

>Put timer on oven and step out onto porch to have a cigarette

>Relatively cool, so I leave the door open

>Watch a few raccoon wandering around the bait pile I leave out for the durrs

>See raccoon scatter as, what I thought at first was a fox comes wandering in

>Notice that it moves a little different than a fox, so I walk to the railing to check it out

>Ends up walking right up to the back of my house and right in front of the floodlight

>It's a 30-35 pound cat with half a tail

>Just staring at me like I'm on its turn

>Yell at it a little

>Just stares at me

>Continues to stare at me for another minute or so as I finish my cigarette

>Runs around the side of my house when I take the last drag  
>Turn around to go back into house  
>See large shape standing near entrance to hallway in the kitchen  
>Looks like my dad  
>Start talking-  
"Hey dad, I just seen this huge cat and-"  
>Realize no one is standing there  
>Can hear creaking down the hallway towards my parents bedroom  
>Think someone might have snuck in while I left the door open  
>Grab .22LR revolver out of the cupboard and go down the hall  
>See large, dark shape at the end of the hall, in front of my parent's door  
>Doesn't look remotely like a human, just a big, black mass, so I don't even raise my gun  
>Slowly dissipates  
>Silently nope back to kitchen  
>Stand with back to oven waiting for timer to go off  
>Plate hot, take pizza and go downstairs to my room  
>Can still hear creaking in the hall upstairs  
>Shaking while I type this and eat pizza

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [263]

>be Irish  
>be in Massey's Wood, Dublin  
>this place is at the base of Montpellier hill, the famous location of the Hellfire Club  
>looking for ancient celtic wedge tomb with dad  
>find tomb, bretty gud, but really ruined  
>look around the forest at the remains of the old Massey estate  
>find the remains of the estate's Ice House  
>despite it being the middle of summer, I can see my breath in the air  
>the ice house is falling into the small river, there's a little dark

tunnel you can just about crouch into

>look in

>black dark

>dad calls me to leave

>sure thing dad

>look back into the tunnel one last time

>my eyes had been getting used to the darkness

>way back in the little tunnel is a small figure, child-sized,  
white and crouching, looking right at me

>nope.exe has crashed and needs to be restarted

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [264]

>Come back from Afghanitown tour

>depressed, no longer in contact with any of my battle buddies  
or friends at home

>came out to family, didn't go well

>school is going badly, I can't handle online stuff

>nobody to talk to, just want to clear my mind for a bit

>decide to buy my first pack of cigarettes in forever from this  
little country store down the road

>some new guy there, Indian fellow I've never seen, but we  
chat friendly enough - nametag says "Dara"

>hand him my ID for the cigs, see weird swirly tattoo on his  
hand

>ask him what it means

>he just gives me this disapproving stare

>complete transaction, say goodnight, he just stares at me  
leaving

>get outside, go to my car, fumbling with my keys

>look back at the store

>I can see his face, illuminated by the store's sign, still staring  
through the window, but now with almost a menacing scowl

>just think he's a weird asshole now; avert my eyes, get in the  
car

>pull out of the parking lot, back on the woodsy road

>it's about half past eight, still some light  
>drive to this eight mile trail about 5 minutes away, park and lock the car  
>light up my first turkish smooth, start walking on the trail  
>lots of frogs, crickets, some birds -- ambient nature noise  
>keep walking, finish cig, light another  
>I can't see very well at all. I can distinguish bushes, trees, and the swampy marshland water is moonlit enough to provide some reflective light  
>keep walking, finish cig, light another  
>the noise of the creatures around me seems to increase. In both volume and tempo; the frogs croaks seem both more numerous, and more pronounced, the crickets more fervent, and the birds are fluttering from branch to branch  
>keep walking, finish cig, light another  
>keep walking, finish cig, light another  
>stumble out of a particularly dark and overgrown part of the path, and into a glade  
>this eerily illuminated glade

>tall grass, gently swaying in a breeze I must not have noticed  
>the path, which had until now been well-paved, quickly transitioned to gravel, then dirt  
>and I could see it all, in this ambient light which seemed to come from nowhere at all  
>I gained sight, I lost sound  
>the birds flew away, without any more chirps or squawks; just the flutter of their wings  
>the last few echos of the frogs croaking faded away, and there were no more  
>not a trace of the crickets  
>I could feel a light breeze, which made me shiver, but not from the cold  
>I couldn't hear it  
>the grass was still swaying, more firmly now  
>now towards my right  
>towards the marshes  
>now a firm gust of air, still unheard, still towards the right  
>still towards the marshes

>there were ripples on the water, then  
>ripples from the water  
>but they came from the center of those pools  
>I turned around, and began to leave, but I still watched,  
conscious of a light sheen of sweat on my forehead  
>I remember seeing a few bubbles begin to rise up from the  
water, each shining in the moonlight before popping, as the  
ripples became more numerous  
>and the water began to churn at the epicenter of the ripples  
>and I began to run, as all at once, the life came back to the  
forest  
>I could hear birds squawking loudly in the canopies above me as  
my shoes pounded the path, and a crescendo of crickets, the  
tempo of both these I hadn't heard before

>I ran, taking each corner as tightly as possible, plotting out my  
path back, trying to figure the quickest possible way, trying to  
repress my absolute terror  
>I realized among all these sounds, I heard another  
>something running with me  
>alongside me  
>eventually I turned a corner, and my path crossed with a deer  
>we barely acknowledged each other, each going opposite  
directions, each more scared of something else  
>the sound became almost too much, I thought it would drive me  
insane, paired with the silent scene that wouldn't stop replaying in  
my mind  
>I saw the outline of my car ahead, between the trees and  
bushes before me, and began to press the "unlock" button on my  
keys over and over, rejoicing at the flicker of the lights as I ran  
even quicker  
>I scrambled with the door, got in, locked everything, ignition on,  
reversereversereverse, drivendrivendrive - back onto the main road  
>I played some rock music on the radio at a medium level, and  
threw my pack of cigarettes out the window

So my summer is off to a great start.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [265]

>Going hiking in the woods  
>I figured I would get out before it started to get dark  
>I was wrong  
>Dusk started rolling in and it started getting harder to notice the trail  
>Trees taking on bizarre shapes  
>Keep my fear in check  
>"Its just the forest."  
>Hear a strange growl  
>play it off as nothing  
>Keep hearing it  
>It's not getting further away or closer  
>Nature trail building is closed \*No lights\*  
>"How long was this trail?"  
>Make my way to the car  
>Notice the sound has not made a peep since I left the clearing  
>Turn back and see what looked like a mountain lion with no skin on its face  
>Nearly bashed in my window when I fumbled with the keys  
>Looked back and it was gone

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [266]

>2009  
>On hunting trip with dad  
>We used to go bird hunting every fall  
>We're walking along and talking  
>Ask him about this house in the middle of nowhere that everyone says is haunted  
>Some weird stuff went there down, I can elaborate if people want to know.

## [Explanation]

Right, in the 70s or 80s some crazy stuff happened there. A few people moved in there and people knew they were weird. Since it's a very small area, they would go outside and offer drifters a ride. Then they would perform human sacrifices. Later on, edgy kids practiced "witch craft" there. Then just before it was burned some kids would go there to party, but some people had messed up things happen to them, like they would go crazy and stuff.

>House was burned down years before but the barn and other buildings were still there

>Dad says it just looks creepy because the driveway is so long (takes like 5 minutes to go down the driveway)

>After we're done hunting, hop in vehicle and go to the ground where the house was

>In October so starting to get dark at like 7pm but still lots of light

>Go down driveway

>Barn comes out of nowhere, almost crap my pants just by the look of it

>Dad is like "See, nothing down here besides a ratty ol' barn."

>Back up to turn around

>Reverse lights light up the face of some weird looking thing in the doorway of the barn

>We both look, its face is all messed up and is dressed in old timey farmers clothes

>Holding a big scythe

>like a bat outta hell.meatloaf

>Peel out of there

>Dad just says "Let's forget this happened."

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [267]

>Be boy scout back in mid-90's, maybe 10 years old

>Whole troop goes on camping trip up in Adirondacks, NY

which is literally millions of acres of not much but woods and low mountains with only small towns scattered throughout, no real big cities

>So it's night and we are in the bunkhouse and me and a few other friends decide to follow this old trail up into the hills behind the cabin

>We walked for quite a while up into the mountain but we knew we wouldn't get lost because it was a straight path the whole way

>See a light up ahead

>Come to a huge clearing way up the mountain and see, I swear, a freaking deer standing on its hind legs dancing around a massive bonfire playing some kind of flute

>The music coming from that flute was absolutely eerie, unlike anything I had ever heard before

>Sounded like something I'd expect the Druid's of Stonehenge played long ago

>I knew this was not a person in a costume because jesus christ the way it danced...It was like one of those crazy flailing inflatable tube men dancing in the wind...Very strange lurching motions that no person could make

>I remember its antlers were MASSIVE like 20 feet tall

>Then it turned and looked at us

>It looked right at us and screamed like a freaking I don't know what

>Seriously I still wake up in a cold sweat now nearly 20 years later hearing that scream

>We turned and ran down that mountain so fast I think we could have set an Olympic world record

>We heard it trying to friggin' talk...Trying to call out to us...It sounded like a dog trying to speak, it was so horrible to hear it sounded like it was saying "Stop" and "Come back"

>We bolted into the bunkhouse in tears and woke everyone

>Scout master didn't believe it of course but he called the local ranger who went up there in a Jeep that same night and came back saying he saw nothing, no fire or anything

>The next day before leaving a couple of us went back up there and saw the fire pit now smoldering ash and deer tracks

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [268]

>be 14 chillin' in the woods near my house  
>live in the middle of nowhere no one but my parents, sister and my gran down the road  
>decide to go to this awesome treefort I had in the middle of the forest  
>on my way there I smell this sort of burning smell thought that there was a forest fire because lately we had a drought so forest fire might be happening  
>find a campsite with a put out fire and trash pile  
>root around the trash a while  
>suddenly an arrow hits the tree and cuts my arm a little  
>nope.avi  
>run home and tell my father  
>tell him about the arrow and show him my arm  
>he grabs his 12 Guage and heads into the woods  
>hear gun shots and my dad run out of the woods  
>he comes back doesnt say anything and runs inside and calls a bunch of his "buddies" which was basically a code name for klansmen, they were popular in our parts  
>they all show up with guns and dogs and there was around 20-30 guys  
>all head into the forest  
>show up 4 hours later with a dude tied up with a bag over his head  
>dad is calling the local sheriff  
>go near him and he's talking some strange language but could be Spanish for all I know and was wearing a bunch of animal pelts and was covered in blood  
>they put him in one of the guy's trucks  
>but when the sheriff arrived the dude broke free and left the truck  
>the scariest part about it though was that they found him waiting in my treehouse in one of the closets  
>they had more searches but turned up nothing

> I don't go into those woods anymore. I went there one last time and felt watched the whole time

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [269]

>Be 15  
>Live in rural Texas  
>Have a big forest in the backyard, most of it is just brush, but there are places in which you could walk around in.  
>One day, I was talking a walk through it and hear some kind of rustling noise  
>Instinctively think it's just a squirrel or raccoon, since we see those a lot here  
>Walk on for a few minutes  
>Hear the rustling again, but this time hear some kind of hiss  
>Out of the brush, a big raccoon charges at me, obviously rabid.  
>Roll a 20 on my reflex save and hit it squarely in the face with my walking stick.  
>It's laying on the ground, stunned and pissed, so I finish the job and stomp on its neck.  
>Head back to the house and call it a day.  
>All through the way back, I constantly hear leaves rustling behind me and feel really uneasy about staying inside the place.  
>Eventually break into a run until I reach the house  
>Next morning  
>I go out on the back porch to drink some coffee and look at the sunrise (this was during one of the autumn and we had amazing sunrises there)  
>As soon as I open the back door, I see a skull laying right in front of the door.  
>It's definitely a raccoon one, but way bigger than it should be.  
>It was also very clean of blood/skin, but specked with dirt.

I didn't tell anyone about my encounter with the raccoon until after I found the skull, and I'm pretty sure no one else went into the forest that day.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [270]

>Camping in mountains in California east of Bakersfield  
>Few of the group go hiking around an old gold mine  
>Abandoned car with 10,000 bullet holes  
>Ancient rusty mining equipment  
>Huge solid steel double door over the mine entrance, huge but normal padlock keeping it shut.  
>Bullet dings in door, clearly not massively thick.  
>Few bullet holes go all the way through  
>They're coming out, not going in  
>Weird  
>Climb up on top of what we are now dubbing The Door.  
>Minor collapse has left a crack through which to see the inside of the cave.  
>can barely make out what looks like a table  
>neat enough, let's bring the rest of the crew here later.  
>Evening. Full group, kids, jeep over to The Door.  
>Huh. Could swear there were only like 5 holes in that door. Now there's dozens. All coming out from inside.  
>Some of the kids climb up top. Shine flashlights through the crack.  
>"Hey, there's a table and chairs in there."  
>All three flashlights they have go out at the same moment.  
>Everybody kind of weirded out. Kids climb back down. Replace batteries. Nope, bulbs are burned out.  
>I grab the massive halogen spot light and climb up.  
>Shine it inside  
>Round wooden table, four wooden chairs. Can't see very far past even with the huge light.  
>Spotlight goes out  
>No way.  
>Mess with the switch, try to see if the filament broke.  
>Look back into the crack (it's not complete nightfall yet)  
>See four pairs of yellow-orange eyes looking back at me from

what seems to be the positions of the four chairs.

>run

>as soon as I get back down in front of The Door, the spot light comes back on.

>Say I've had enough of that and head back to camp alone while people make fun of me.

>Not long back in camp the rest of the group arrives.

>A few of the other adults climbed up with the spotlight and four other normal flashlights.

>Saw the furniture, but didn't see the eyes because they didn't stick around when all five of their lights went out.

>While climbing down they heard what sounded like a gunshot from behind The Door.

>The regular old flashlights had their bulbs burned out.

>The spotlight worked again when away from The Door.

>The Door is now an instant legend among our group.

>Next year, same camping trip, mostly the same huge group.

>"Let's go see The Door!"

>why that seems like a fine idea!

>Can't find it

>Definitely the same area

>There's ancient rusted mining machinery

>There's the shot up old car

>No Door.

>In the exact area where we all remember it is a rocky hillside.

>Making a stop at the forest ranger station for water, and ask about it.

>"I think I know the mine you're talking about... but it never had a mine shaft. It was a sluice operation."

>And we NOPED for the rest of our lives.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [271]

>Picking up a trailer from an unattended, unlit, unpaved dirt lot deep in the middle of nowhere, Arkansas. Literally nothing but woods for miles around, except for this drop lot.

>Idiot shuttle driver left the landing gear fully extended on all the trailers. It's a pain to crank them down when they're loaded.  
>Crank for 15 minutes, pause to take a break.  
>Leaning against the trailer, all is perfectly quiet.  
>Hear footsteps slowly approaching from the rear of the trailer.  
>Strange. I didn't hear another vehicle.  
>"Hello?"  
>Footsteps stop, no reply.  
>Pull out my phone, turn the light on.  
>Still can't see anything.  
>Of course my real flashlight had to get stolen a few weeks ago.  
>Flip on every light the truck has, get back out.  
>"Anybody out there?"  
>Silence. Start cranking the landing gear again, looking around with my camera light, getting paranoid.  
>Footsteps.  
>"What are you doing?"  
>Start thinking it might be a bear or something.  
>Suddenly from the darkness under the trailer RIGHT NEXT TO ME, LIKE TWO FEET AWAY: "Be careful..." in normal, adult male voice.  
>Jump about ten feet away. Maybe yelp a little. Shine the light under the trailer. Nothing.  
>Take pic. Nothing.  
>Climb back in truck. Drive away. Get the trailer the next day.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [272]

>on a hiking trip in the middle of the woods off trails yesterday  
>we leave where we set up our blankets to go upstream  
>find two other waterfalls and go towards this little opening  
that has the prettiest waterfall you've ever seen  
>get closer  
>closer  
>I'm barefoot because I think I'm a hippie  
>CRuNch

>bone  
>what?  
>just stepped on a bone  
>we look around  
>place is FILLED with bones of dead animals  
>the threat is real  
>we start walking out of there  
>other group comes behind us  
>tell us to get outta there cause it looks like a big cat den  
>I've never left a spot so fast

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [273]

>be eighteen and camping by myself  
>Colorado mountains  
>Hiking with the AK because no handguns  
>Never go unarmed, run into too many bears and such for that  
>It's starting to get dark out, heading back to camp  
>what is that smell?  
>look about for the source  
>it smells awful, very clearly something died but no carcass to be found anywhere  
>Jesus, it smells bad  
>fish a flashlight from my pack, didn't want to use it to conserve my night sight  
>turn it on  
>something didn't die here  
>it died everywhere  
>massive wet spot on the ground  
>it's blood  
>coagulating fluid coats the pine needles above my head  
>it's blood  
>blood everywhere

I noped back to camp with my rifle shouldered the whole way. I left as soon as there was light in the sky again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [274]

>Be me, Aussie  
>Be 14, 4 years ago  
> Be in cadets and be on first ever camp  
>On a farm (with bush) which the RAAF uses as a training ground for their Airfield Defence Guards (ADG)  
>Get told ADG's being trained for observation and that we are being observed  
>okay.jpg  
>Fast forward 7 hours, lights out  
>Move into bush to set up hutchie (open ended tent) and climb into sleeping bag, fall asleep  
>Wake up about three hours after falling asleep, feel like I'm being watched  
>Shuffle around in my sleeping back to get comfortable to try and sleep, look at the end of my hutchie where my head is (looking behind me)  
>See dark figure crouched about 3m (8ft) away from hutchie, totally unmoving and watching me  
>Stare at it for a minute or so, stark still  
>Dismiss it as a tree stump and fall back asleep  
>Wake up in the morning and look behind me, it's not there  
>Holycrap.jpg  
>Go and tell my sergeant about what happened and he tells me it was probably one of the ADG's  
>Officer overhears and says that the ADG's who were training finished their exercise a week ago and told us that story to mess with us  
>Not ever going into that bush again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [275]

>out camping with friend's family  
>there for a few days, hear stories  
>we have to leave because the mutilated corpse of a hiker was found  
>as we are leaving I remember I left something near the creek  
>run there to get it  
>across the water, see a guy's face  
>about to say hi  
>it moves and I see it's like a bear standing upright, wearing a man's face  
>its eyes are pitch black  
>run away scared  
>no one believes me

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [276]

>be me, age 17, October  
>camping/scout group of 9 on trip in the woods about 100 km north of town  
>Someone decides to play night-time cops and robbers, we all agree  
>mind you it's like 11 p.m. and pitch-black except for moonlight and a single lantern  
>rules are simple - 3 cops, 6 robbers, cops guard lantern and catch robbers using flashlights, robbers need to reach lantern to win  
>Caught robbers sit on a bench a few meters away from the lantern  
>It's round 6 or 7, I'm a robber, we start out at the pier, start making our way around to circle the lantern  
>Quickly two robbers get caught, then a third, maybe more I can't tell  
>I circle around to the other side to get a better angle of approach  
>Hear rustling beside me, I glance back at the figure, he waves at

me, I wave back, he kneels down and crawls right up beside me  
>I start telling him my idea for getting to the lantern, he's nodding in the dark, I can't see much but he's wearing a hoodie like the other robber players  
>I move up, crawling on my hands and knees, he's following me the whole way just two feet to my left  
>I make a break for the lantern, I hear him scramble up beside me, leaves crunching under our feet  
>Suddenly there's a beam of light and I'm caught by all three cops who were camping around the lantern  
>I look at the three cops, then to the other five robbers sitting on the bench  
>I slowly turn around  
>Nobody there  
>I look back, ask if they'd seen anyone running with me  
>They all shake their heads and look at me like I'm crazy  
>I shakily ask that we head to bed and lock them as well, just in case  
>They sigh and agree that it's getting late (2 a.m. maybe)  
>We're in tents, my mates tell me not to bother locking up  
>I do it anyway  
>I stay up all night sweating and staring at the opening to the tent  
>I swear I heard moaning and leaves being trampled underfoot that night, all around the tent, like someone circling  
>Nobody believed me in the morning  
>I never go back there again

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [277]

>Maybe not a true innawoods story  
>Be 16  
>Camping with my family  
>superfun.jpg  
>Go swimming, Hiking, random camping stuff  
>Fast forward

Prepare for a read.

We eat, we play cards, we light a fire, and we go to sleep one-by-one.

I was always a nocturnal kid, so my dad told me "put out the fire before you go to bed" before entering his tent. I'm staring into the fire and thinking about random stuff when I have to pee. I step away and start taking a leak when I hear footsteps coming behind me. The stop just about were the campfire is. I finish my leak and see a kid a bit older than me (probably 17 or 18) and we start talking.

We play guessing games, trying to figure out stuff about each other.

"Your favorite color has to be blue." that kind of thing.

My dad comes out of the tent (to go to the bathroom) and asks me who I'm talking to.

>Ghosty kid looks at me  
>puts his finger to his lips  
>gives me a loud "Shhhh!"  
>I pass out  
>Wake up, the next day, at home.

My parents said I suffered from a really bad fever and they were calling the doctor when I woke up.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [278]

>be 15  
>with friend that lives in same apt complex  
>it's deep summer night, very hot but clear, around 10:45

>there is a trail that goes through a forest that opens up to a man made lake  
>the lake is about a mile from our complex so it's a long walk. We had some fireworks and one of those hollow hanger racks to shoot them off like a bazooka  
>it's pitch black, the forest blocks any light from houses and such, lots of stars because clear night  
>we walk up to the edge of the lake. It gets quiet.  
>all the chirps just stop abruptly  
>my friend had a flashlight and waved it around use then to his face to do the spooky grin making us laugh and continue to walk around the lake  
>I see this light on the other side of the lake  
>must be someone else with a flashlight  
>friend yells "Hey!" real loud and the light starts moving towards us..  
>we look at each other going wtf  
>it starts moving over the water  
>my stomach drops and I grab his arm, pulling him backwards...  
>something ain't right  
>the world is still quiet like it's on mute and we start noping out  
>we ran non-stop through the trail and forest not stopping until we closed his apt door and locking it

Not the best story, but weird stuff stays with you even after 20 years.

<att if you see this, I hope you're ok. Haven't seen you in 15 years.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [279]

>couple weeks back  
>innawoods, camping alone in New Jersey  
>got some scrap wood I need to burn  
>figure I'll make a night of it  
>every now and then hear a guy screaming

>nothing off in that direction but woods, then, farmhouse, then highway

>no words, just a scream of pain or fear

>never gets closer, never gets further away

>once or twice it sounds like laughter instead

>goes on every few minutes for hours

>stops sometime between 1 or 2 AM

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [280]

>be me, 15 years old

>lived in a house surrounded by a big forest

>had a few neighbors, they had kids from 10 to 15 years old

>one day we got all together, decided do go for a long walk in the woods

>after 2/3 hours of walking, we found a well

>really creepy

>one of my friends says he once heard a story about a woman killing herself there.

>there's and entrance near the well that goes inside of it, down there.

>nope.jpg

>one of my friends go inside and found a notebook, kind of a diary

>we open it and start to read it

>it was the life story of a woman who was really depressed, had her children taken from her, that kind of stuff

>we didn't read i all, it was really boring

>decided to see what the last page said

>right at the beggining of the page was written "I died"

>we get scared but don't really show it

>one of us, the youngest (10 years old) was scarred to death, wanted to go home

>we started to mess around with him, trowing rocks up in the air without him seeing and saying it was the ghost of the woman who killed herself

>just stupid kids stuff  
>we start to look at the last page to see if we could find something else in it  
>I start to get a weird feeling every time I would look at the page  
>my friends feel it too, like we were being watched  
>I get sick of it and rip the page of the diary, rip it to pieces and throw it in the well  
>throw the diary in it too  
>we start to walk home  
>all scared, no one wanted to talk about the diary  
>I arrive at my doorstep  
>right before I put the key in the lock, I look at the floor  
>there was a page of the diary written "I died" in it  
>NOPENOPENOPE.jpg  
>I wanted to keep the page to show it to my friends the day after but at the same it I didn't want to bring it inside the house  
>end up leaving it by my doorstep, where I found it  
>next day, it wasn't there  
>told my friends, none of them believed except for the 10 year old one

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [281]

>grandma owns 59 acres in the country  
>absolutely love this place  
>have friends over for crawdad boil and innawoods fun  
>having a great time well into the night  
>we decide to bed down in a field and sleep under the stars  
>one friend brings tent and decides to sleep in that instead  
>rest of us a chatting idly and drifting off when we hear some snapping of branches  
>just some animal in the woods we thought, that's what the fire is for  
>I pass out  
>get woken up by friend shaking me

>rest of friends are up and staring st the woods  
>ask what's is going on  
>friend who woke me up tells me there are people in the woods  
as are watching us  
>look over to where my friends are shining their lights  
>bit of a ways off so the light isn't that great but there are  
definitely people on the edge of the woods  
>suddenly one of them starts cackling  
>friends all tense up and we get ready for something to go down  
>they just walk backwards into the woods  
>we all stand in complete silence for a but then collectively flip  
out  
>decide to get back to cars and the main house and wait for day  
and then get out of there

Probably just some crazy drifters, but that scared me on a whole  
'nother lvl because I actually felt endangered.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [282]

>Be 9 years old  
>Living in northern USA  
>Best bro lives next to a huge forest, we usually end up playing  
in there since there's no real borders to it so you can walk straight  
into it from his yard  
>By this time We've played in it for several years, and as times  
go we move longer and longer in  
>Early autumn, we decide to play hide-n-seek  
>I run away, we're about 15 minute walk from his house  
straight into the forest  
>See this bush with a small hole under it, crawl down into it  
>Laying there, listening to the forest  
>All of a sudden the sounds go quiet, I get this really weird  
metallic taste in my mouth  
>Suddenly I hear footsteps, I press myself down under the  
bush and cover my mouth so my buddy won't find me

>Footsteps comes closer, they start to get slower  
>Uh oh, hope he doesn't find me  
>From under my bush I watch someone with old style shoes (big buckles) walk past my bush  
>I lay there for a couple of minutes more, listening closely for the footsteps but they don't come back  
>By this time I'm a bored kid so I jump out of there and realize how dark it is  
>I start to walk to where my bro counted, no one's there  
>Really hard to see because it's a thick forest and not much moonlight  
>Shout RYAN several times but no answer  
>"WELL I'M HEADING HOME", I shout thinking he's messing with me  
>Nope, nothing  
>I find the three stones landmark we have and start moving towards his house  
>As I walk I see light, like someone with flashlights  
>HE'S HERE!  
>Some dude and a cop walks towards me and leads me back to my worried parents  
>I've been gone for over 6 hours

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [283]

99% of the time I just lurk, but this time I will contribute while my memory of the event is still fresh. Not sure how formatting works here.

>Me and my friend do night walks every couple of days.  
>We're both girls so we're kinda careful. You get it. Girls. Alone. A bit dangerous for us.  
>We always take the route that is surrounded by fields and forests, away from the city. No lights. Creepy and cool.  
>I always walk near the road (cars and stuff), she walks near the fields & forest side. I find it more safe for me, as I am easy to

scare.

>My friend, let's call her M., told me she heard some weird whisper once. Just for a moment. In the ear on the forest side.

>Shrug my shoulders, should be her imagination. Use the flashlight on the forest nearby, nothing's there.

>Next walk it happens again. Just for a second. She feels weird. I hear nothing. Shrug shoulders once again.

>A month passes. There's some concert in my city. We're in happy mood, the singing can be heard even on our road. Didn't even take the flashlight with us.

>This time I walk near the forest while she is near the road with cars. Because of the 'singing' I feel more courage.

>Completely forgot about her incidents with whispers.

>Suddenly hear something weird in my ear, coming from the forest.

>It's like... somebody is trying to say something, but he fails. Hard to explain.

>I shrug it off again (oh, yes...)

>IT REPEATS. I stop to listen. M. hears nothing.

>'Why are you standing?' she asks. 'Shhh. Listen.'

>Whisper repeats in my ear. Louder and louder, like it's... getting closer.

>It may be imagination, but it keeps repeating, and every time it sounds angry.

>I say nothing. Just run. I don't want to risk my life, sorry.

>After a long, seemingly safe distance, we talk.

>M. follows me course, confused. She asks me what the hell happened.

>"Isn't it the place where you usually heard the whispers before?"

>"Yes! Did... oh God." - I realise that M. is very happy. "Now you know that what I heard is real and I am glad. I thought it was just my imagination."

> We run some more, cause something moves in the bushes.

Okay. I wish I had explanation for what is happening there. This

night was not windy, so it was not wind playing tricks with my ear. And it wasn't some hallucination, cause she heard it too before. The whispers are weird, and they feel like they're directed for only one of your ears - that's why other person never hears them. And only the person that walks near the forest hears them.

I have no idea what it is. Maybe I should try recording it, but I don't think that cheap camera or phone will get the sound.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [284]

>couple years ago  
>late at night, bored, so I hit the bros  
>"Guys, lets go mess around in the woods lol."  
>"k lol"  
>drive up to park and meet friends  
>proceed to walk around in the dark  
>thunder in the distance  
>keep walking deeper and risk getting drenched  
>very dark  
>can't see a thing  
>see this orb of light float by deeper in the woods. Didn't give off a glow or anything, just a ball of white  
>too deep innawoods to be a car  
>couldn't be a flashlight because it didn't glow  
>ask friend if he saw it too  
>says in a freaked out tone "If I said no, I'd be lying."  
>decide to head back to our cars, storms getting closer  
>woods are pitch black, can't see hand in front of face  
>somehow get to a path with no trees overhead  
>lightning flashes, lights up the whole path  
>see someone standing in front of us about 20 feet away  
>all of us nope, 360, and moonwalk away  
>almost back to car, storm is really hitting  
>hear this god-awful shreek, sounds like someone butchering an animal

>immediately the sky explodes and drops its entire load on us at once  
>we all book it back to our cars

I love the woods.

Also:

>a few weeks ago  
>take a few people from college to my hometown  
>tell them about spoopy woods  
>they want to go and get some spoops  
>one of them is sensitive to spirits or something, I call nonsense but whatever  
>walking around, get lost  
>still darker than a KFC on Martin Luther King's Birthday  
>get that feeling like someones following us  
>turn around and check nonchalantly, act like I'm checking on friends  
>nothing there, but "sensitive" friend looks uncomfortable  
>feeling continues for the whole walk  
>finally stumble in the right direction and find our cars.  
>wait for friends to leave  
>standing there by myself in the dark  
>realize it's been dead quiet since we've been there  
>bugs are usually loud  
>get in car and drive away  
>fast forward a few days  
>talking about hiking  
>trip to the woods comes up  
>other friend brings up feeling like someone was following us  
>"sensitive" friend looks at him, freaked  
>we all felt it

I want to go back there myself with some equipment and look around some more.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [285]

>few years ago  
>with a few friends  
>decide to go on a bit of a roadtrip/camping trip  
>we were driving through canada and stuff  
>stopping for the night  
>pitching up our tent or sleeping in the truck  
>it was a fun time  
>we hike into the woods to pitch our tents  
>find an old run down house  
>pretty cool  
>we decide to go in and check it out  
>the place doesn't seem to have been taken over by hobos  
>doesn't look too bad besides all the rain damage  
>giant hole in the roof  
>we look around  
>take some pictures  
>I see a door that looks like what leads to a basement room or cellar  
>there's a latch with a lock on it  
>the lock isn't locked  
>lock looks pretty new  
>I open the door  
>pitch black  
>I can't see anything  
>stand back and take out my phone to get a good shot of the open door  
>open my camera  
>a face recognition square appears on screen in the darkness  
>stays there, solid in one place  
>don't take a picture  
>put my phone away and stare into the abyss for a moment  
>start to get a bit spooked out  
> quickly close the door and lock it  
> Go and tell my friends we should get going  
> they agree  
> don't tell them what happened until we get back to the cars

because I don't want to spook them  
>we decide not to camp in this area that night  
>we laugh it off and drive away  
>I still think about it every now and then

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [286]

>Be about 12  
>It's a late night on a weekday  
>my mom decides to take the dog for a walk and asks me to join her  
>sure why not  
>walk my dog to the spooky forest near my house  
>tons of ghost sightings and a few dead bodies dumped there.  
Not a dangerous area, just a good place to dump a body.  
>place is full of bad vibes  
>walking on trail that leads to a bridge that goes right into the forest  
>we get to the bridge  
>halfway across my dog stops  
>he refuses to moves and starts growling  
>I look down at him and he's super stiff. Bearing his fangs, just super on edge  
>I look at where he's looking and freeze  
>at the end of the bridge is a huge tree  
>coming out of the tree is the top half of a cloaked body  
>it's sticking right out at the wait bending upwards  
>It has no face. its head is all black.  
>I think it was wearing a hood  
>it has super long grey hands with long bony fingers  
>it turns towards me and points at me  
>NOPE  
>I shut my eyes and freak out  
>we get out of there  
>I asked my mom if she saw it  
>she only saw an outline of something but it freaked her out too

Seriously the scariest thing I have ever seen. That forest and park are real spooky.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [287]

>be friend inna tree with night vision goggles  
>looking around, checking out how well they work  
>sees something about 100 feet away from tree stand  
>crawling on all fours  
>small, extremely humanoid, besides no nose and giant mouth  
>stops and looks at him  
>opens and closes mouth  
>keeps looking at him while it crawls away

If anyone asks, this was in Parrish, FL.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

The Cherokee believed there were little people running around underground all over North America. Very secretive cryptid a la Homo Floresiensis only even smaller?

Someone I know heard this from his father who worked in some mines in West Virginia for Dow Chemical Company back in the 50's: The locals often spoke of discovering passages in coal mines that looked like they were cut for little people to run through. Every once in a while somebody even reported seeing one of these little people coming or going. Some miners said that after blasting they had sometimes found what were hairless monkeys with strangely human features in the rubble and the company had told them to keep it under their hat out of fear that the Environmentalists etc. would have shut them down and they would never be permitted to mine there again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[288]**